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THE
NEW REPUBLIC

PROSPECTS, DANGERS, DUTIES AND SAFETIES
OF THE TIMES.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA
T. L. HARRIS, Publisher.



THE NEW REPUBLIC

A DISCOURSE

OF THE

PROSPECTS, DANGERS, DUTIES AND SAFETIES

OF THE TIMES.

BY

✓
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS



FOUNTAINGROVE PRESS

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

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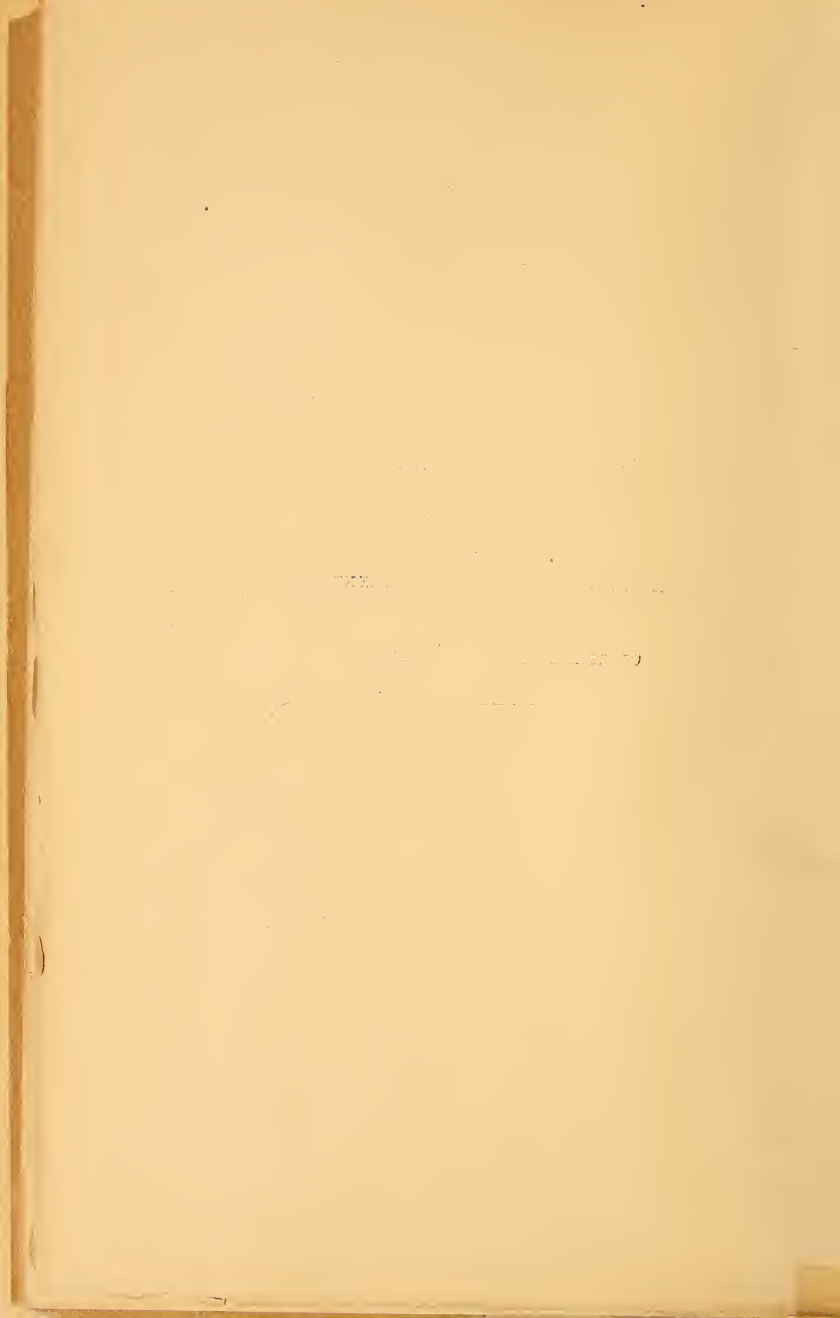
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TO MY FELLOW SERVANTS
IN SOCIAL HUMANITY
I PROFFER
IN THIS CHALICE OF SACRAMENT
THE NEW WINE
OF THE FATHER'S KINGDOM.



DISCOURSE

"SUFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not :
for of such is the kingdom of God." LUKE XVIII, 16.

THROUGH God, labor and solidarity ; through liberty, equality and fraternity ; the sons and daughters of the People, children of the Divine Parentage, enter into the sympathies of the Christ, and find the political, social, industrial kingdom of heaven.

Were there five gentlemen in California, fully devoted to the cause of the Social People, and possessed of the brain, financial shrewdness, tact, concentrated purpose and reliance on each other, by which the magnates of the Central and Southern Pacific Systems conceived and carried out their enterprise, the State might be re-organised on Social-National lines at least by the close of the century. This result might be achieved with no more friction and far less of monetary expenditure than was required to span the continent with the iron rail. The same result, in the opinion of social-political *savants* whose learning and experience command high respect, is attainable under similar conditions by the Republic, within a period that should not exceed the life-time of a generation.

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"History is Philosophy, teaching by example." The petty shop of Huntington and Hopkins; the combined capital of less than \$50,000. has become what we see to-day. Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars of result are said to be absorbed into the private wealth of these five citizens, their heirs, attorneys and other trusted agents and beneficiaries. Governors, senators, congressmen, state legislators, judges of all courts to the highest, together with the vast retinue of subordinate state and federal officials, have been turned out from the shops of these master workmen with a rapidity and ease comparable to the facility with which the tin-smith supplies the housewives with their kettles and pans.

It is the ruler of the steering gear who turns and holds the ship to her course. It is the able and united minority that controls the movement and forms or transforms the environment of the Nation.

An eminent Politician of New York, whose residence at the time was the most aristocratic mansion on fifth avenue—that too a fruit of his adroit practice of Democracy—remarked, "I went some years ago to Trenton for the fourth of July celebration. Invited to a seat in the barouche occupied by the dignitaries who held the place of honor in the procession, one of them smilingly said, on my entrance, 'Mr.—, allow me to introduce; you are now in the carriage with the Democratic Party of New Jersey.'" It is now a fact of history that the trio thus named were for years, before and after, the practical rulers of that Commonwealth; the fountain of its law and the bestowers of its franchises and offices.

Supreme tact, adequate political knowledge, the key of the position and absolute confidence in each other were all-sufficient to the end. Three citizens, Messrs. Weed, Seward and Greeley, after the same fashion somewhat modified, were the Whig Party in New York, till the copartnership was dis-

solved by the withdrawal of the junior partner.—It was an American enlargement and improvement of “Quirk, Gammon and Snap.”

A rising parson, whose name should not be mentioned, as long ago as the forties, once went for a long day's drive with one of the “insiders of the insiders;” a member of the Democratic State Committee. In a confidential talk the young levite drew from the astute Achitophel the working method and tactics of the organization. These structures of Party and victories of spoil are no more a mystery or a difficulty to the initiated than is the use of the type-writer to one who has a knowledge of the keys.

Government, if successful and durable, is from a small center to a great circumference. Adapt the centrality to the environment and the huge result follows as a matter of course. It was an axiom of the Jesuits during the era of religious intolerance, that “if ever persecution failed to suppress heresy, it was because Persecution did not persecute enough.” If ever a Political Party fails, it is from the lack of persistent purpose, courage and unity in its *nucleus*; combined with the inability to hold a grip on the wheel of environment and to direct its motion, so that it shall be impelled by the force of evolution, active through the needs of the masses and the spirit of the time.

First of all must be, among the units of the nucleus, inviolable confidence in each other: firm trust, full honor. The vast Corporation that includes the Southern and Central Pacific Systems was invulnerable so long as its five originators all lived and maintained relations of personal and mutual fellowship and trust. Since then it is a great whale pursued by sword-fish: it flounders in a sea that begins to redden from its blood.

The Power within evolution operates to the birth and dominance of events by a law which may be designated as "the law of fitnesses in association." An illustration of this may be drawn from that conclave at Sacramento. There was Stanford, genial, warm-hearted, winning and holding men by personal presence; commanding confidence, constitutionally *en rapport* with the class from which are drawn judges, law-makers, rulers of the state; a man with a rich blending of ideal and practical qualities; with a vision opening to possibilities of the anearning future; with a faculty of inspiring respect for his conclusions, and with a sure method of organising successes for his processes. There was Hopkins; calm, cold-blooded, persistent as a sleuth-hound on the hunt; his greed omnivorous, but governed and guided by a prudence, and structured in a calculation that was accurate as mathematics. There was Huntington; an embryo great man of a narrow specialty; with an instinctive grasp at large results; without an atom of the ideal sense; with a brain set in matter as an iron bar spiked in a granite wall; but with a tenacity for holding a scheme into its working plan and for enlarging on the plan, that made him a combination at once of engineer, engine, coal, fire and motive power. There was Crocker *primus*; eminently a builder; at once an organiser of construction and its thoroughly capable, prudent and indefatigable executive. There was Crocker *secundus*; at once evangelically pious, eloquent, skilled in the law and holding to gain with entire singleness of heart. Now the Force behind evolution knit these men together: it was an association by fitnesses.



"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Stanford saw the gain and the glory ; his associates eyed the gain pure and simple. The Power in evolution behind the group beheld these men, if combined, as an organised form of service, fitted to prosecute one work in the chain of infinite processes. So the evolution fitted into them ; fought through them for the vast material wealth that is visible to-day.

They were filled with confidence in the success of that work : hence they inspired confidence in the public, so far as to secure legislation in its favor with immense loans and subsidies. Comparatively insignificant separately, as private individuals ; the combination made one compact, gigantic Character. They built stronger, ampler and wiser than they foresaw or realised. The five pawns were consolidated to fashion a master-piece upon the chess-board of Destiny.

Such as this is the inner formation and history of all great works that have altered the aspect of the world and changed or re-organised the institutions that are the environments of the Peoples. This is the Lesson of the Hour, to be pondered over by the brainy and hearted men who are now being drawn by the sympathy of social humanity to a vital and intelligent interest in the National cause.

The Press in large degree conceals it ; the Pulpit almost ignores it ; yet the People itself—minus the petty classes that subsist by the exploitation of the industries—is throbbing, panting, heaving under the consciousness of an infinite suppression ; under the sense of vast impending calamity ; yet in the strange quivering tingle of a vague but luminous and prophetic hope. The eagerness with which Mr. Bellamy's shrewdly phrased and skilfully adapted romance was seized



upon; the avidity with which men and women fed upon its luscious promise; the flash of resultant Nationalism, leaping up all over the land from fifty thousand fire-sides,—this is but one and the most obvious of many concurrent events, all of which go far to prove that COLUMBIA herself, the myriad-bosomed, myriad-bearing WOMAN PEOPLE, is pregnant and heavy for a new and thrice auspicious birth of Time.

But evolution has hitherto operated, since the era of recorded human history, in a law of alternatives. Steam is generated in a boiler: the alternative is,—Shall the steam, rightly governed, be our servant, fulfilling its humane service; or, shall it be our master, and rush to explosion with wreckage and death?

So again, as Mr. Bellamy has aptly said, “Now we are on the hinge of destiny.” That the Competitive System, merging into Capitalistic Combination, by its inherent law whirls rapidly on to the explosion of its forces, threatening in that explosion national chaos, industrial break and political anarchy, every intelligent student is aware. It is not now “after me the deluge.” It is now “on me the deluge.” We stand on the edge of the low, submerging shore; we are confronted by the vast, towering, omnipotent, incoming water-wall.

The wisdom of the disorganised masses, if it ever is a wisdom, is a wisdom after the event. The good citizens of Paris were wise, after Danton, the very pillar of their safety and bulwark of their liberty, had been butchered on the guillotine; but they were not wise before the event: they looked on, dazed and stupified, with a dumb animal pity, and saw him led to death by a gang of scoundrels temporarily in local power: they did not lift a hand or make a murmur. In his fall Freedom for the time was baffled: the rising light was thrust back on the dial of the ages.

Now Social Nationalism is to the United States all and more than was embodied in Danton and the Dantonists for the French nation. The Movement exists already in a vast diffused atmosphere of public sentiment, passionate hope, deathless divine longing ; pulsing, firing, vibrating in and through the People's common breast.

Social Nationalism, as a vital and diffusive ether of association and environment enveloping and quickening the many, waits thus in them to become organised, concreted, institutional association and environment. In the advanced and energetic few it has passed on to the more organic and active stage : not alone do they feel the flow and vibrate to the passion of the sentiment : they, to a considerable extent, comprehend it in the logic of pure reason, by the principle of its growth and by the form and law of its intelligence.

If therefore Social Nationalism—which is, so far as it has grown, the saving power in our evolution—is to become embodied and established for the next stage as the Organisation of Public Safety, the small minority of fully determined, balanced, practical, socially educated men and women, who know the ground and realise the situation, must follow the impulse of the law of the association of fitnesses and draw together. They who are wise before the event must conform by action to the logical demands of the time.

But it is not yet clear day : these are the spectral moments that precede the dawn. At best we are but partially awakened out of the long slumber and death-dream, in which the torpid mankind holds its atomised, incoherent and egoistic individualism. It is hard to resist the siren voices that call for a little more folding of the hands in sleep. Yet even now the golden moments, the brief moments that remain for the Organisation of Safety, are slipping past,

never to return.

The transition-births of Public Freedom in the past have been effected by so far as the Hour brought forth the men. The Hour '76 found Jefferson, Adams, Franklin. The Hour '93 found Danton, Fabre D'Eglantine, Carnot. The Hour '45 found Garrison, Parker, Phillips. The Hour '61 found Lincoln, Sumner, Stanton.—Where shall '91 find her sages of the council, her orators of field and platform, her exponents of the press, her organisers of finance, her volunteers of the forlorn hope?

The coming Event,—the transition from egoised individualism to humanised collectivity,—is more than evolutions of the past, because it involves in its body and fulfils in its expansion the divine result whereto all steps and stages of the previous march of Man have led. This hope and promise of the Supreme Benificence can only be received, incorporated and made fulfilment by so much as men, who love it, who know it, who trust in it, shall devote their full being to its demands. This and nothing less will call forth that fire of courage and breadth and prudence of wisdom, and vigor of persistence and heartiness of association and mutuality of confidence, that shall lead Evolution by Living Force to be embodied in their structures, and to make their movement irresistible.

Such men, such women, must and will be found, adequate to the emergencies and fitting into the necessities of the time. From the five to the fifty, the five hundred, the five thousand, the Hour that is upon us summons the children and servants of her Destiny. She attracts to their nucleating form the vital cell-germs of the Deathless Social People that shall be.—“*Ca Ira*”: God is with us and within us!

II.

Thus far the problem of Social-National nucleation has been considered from one factor of its equation: this by itself is not truth in full circle, though it may indicate its hemisphere. Another law in evolution is that of association by fitnesses of sociality. It is upon this that we must rely for the structure of the heroic nuclei, that are to serve for the birth of the Peoples to a truly socialised humanity.

The Socialisation of the People is the work of Titans, and they must rise from the breadth and firmness of the common soil: men matriculated in the university of Labor; men in whom the Nation stands organised for constitution. A gigantic work, the effort of supreme evolution, it calls for gigantic men.

Now it is asserted that "Collectivism will destroy individuality and result in a generation of common-place imbecilities." So the spread of the bulb may be said to destroy the bulb; but the bulb that disappears in the growth process is not destroyed; it is diffused to a new birth in the breathing, leafy stalk and its crown of constellated flowers. So the raw, primitive nature-wealth of the egoised individual, as he becomes non-egoised, lives to its last value in the humanised enlargement of the abundant social man.

The massive man—egoised individualist—always by his growth becomes the anarch, the devourer, the destroyer: the more of him the worse for mankind. He is the spreading tree, whose roots suck up and absorb the fertilities of the area measured by its shadow. It is the prospective glory of Collectivity that it will put an end to the generations of the anakim.

Man is only in his real manhood as he is socialised through all his powers: the more of him the more of hu-

mane worthfulness in his fellow men: his being becomes the household work-room of organising Deity.

But evolution through the social passion and its life of humane service, transmutes the individuality from naturehood into humanhood. It transfigures the private self from the low, base, serpentine thing, crawling on its belly and feeding upon dust, to the majestic creature of God; its attitude upright; its radiation beauty; its movement harmony; its aspect benignant, intelligent, divine. The mission of Collectivity is "not to destroy but to fulfil."

The strong men of the world, who effect immense results by means of the associative law, combine upon the principle of a mutual service in the common egoism. "There is honor," of its base sort, "among thieves." This is the association of wolves, who hunt in packs because singly they are unable to overcome their larger prey. This is the association of pirates, who choose their officers, select their crew and are amenable to a common discipline, because on this depends the triumph of the black flag and the capture of the peaceful merchantman: this is the association of the trusts and syndicates. Individual greed, in men of strong organism and trained intelligence, evolves to associative form and force by the fitnesses of concurrent rapacities.

We see this law and form of association exemplified in such organisations as the old Tammany Ring, of which Wm. H. Tweed was the pivotal and master spirit. Genet the courtly gentleman; H—— the brilliant and versatile man of letters; Conolly the genial, hearty Irish roman catholic squire; Barnard, with the judicial cunning and rapacity of Jeffries; Watson, with the affable, prudent air and manner of New England; Tweed the arch-boss, coarse, vulgar,

insolent, brazen-faced, with the bull-dog's conscience and tenacity of grip; a mass of concreted acuteness of fraud embodied in a corporeity of vulgar ostentation;—these serve as indices of the average. But, wound into the central nucleus of never more than ten or a dozen, was a group of a hundred, enlarging to hundreds in its circumference; the master-adepts of a bad school; inheriting traditions from the lips of its founder, Aaron Burr, and grown to consummate skill in the arts of abstraction, division, concealment and silence.

All were antagonised by mutual disgusts, and yet all united by that fearful law, of fellowship by fitnesses of rapacities. They loathed each other; they despised each other; they feared each other. Each knew every one of his associates to be a villain; but they eulogised each other; they stood by each other through thick and thin; they maintained in their intercourse the fiction of a jovial good fellowship; they confided mutually in the secrets of vast schemes of public plunder; they shared the booty fairly according to the sense of corporate honesty that obtains among cut-purses. For the time they were borne triumphantly on the swelling bosom of the Democracy of the State.

This is but the meagre outline of ten thousand other nuclei, large and small, political, financial;—Oil rings, Sugar rings, Lumber rings, Railroad and Télégraph rings, “their name is Legion, for they are many,”—that have grown up since and that flourish now.

It is not to be supposed that the Cleveland or Hill nuclei in the Democratic, or the Blaine or Allison nuclei in the Republican party, or even the great nodules of trusts and syndicates, represented by men of the high standing of the Lorillards, the Pullmans, the Vanderbilts etc, are implicated in technical or legal felonies. Gentlemen of irreproach-

able private morals occupy places of eminence in many if not in all. None are implicated in the criticism, excepting thus far, that these are associations founded and formulated in the same law; men drawn together by the attraction of passionate pursuits, which are not for the divine well-being and humane association of the People; which are not in any sense in, of or for the People; which are in the most vital sense hostile to the objects for which the People exists;—in fine, working toward the subversion and destruction of the system of equal laws and equal rights to all, which was the object sought in the constitution of the Republic.

It is easy for egoised men of a congenial fitness and purpose to associate thus, because there is no divinity in the association; because each finds in it a pedestal for the elevation of his individual self-interest; because that private self-interest and instinct of self-preservation and self-advancement forces it upon them.

Now the difficulties in the way of centric and concentric nucleation among Social Nationalists are found just here. This movement being in the line of the direct divine tendency, it would therefore attract men to nucleate,—not by the binding of self-love to self-love in the compulsions of a mutual self-greed and self-interest; but just oppositely, by the attractions of the divine social passions in each, flowing into each other and making, so to say, a marriage of mutual and reciprocative qualities. What said the Arch-Socialist of Nazareth, speaking as the organ of the Living Power in evolution? “Where two or three are gathered together in my name I am with them: abide in me and I in you, so shall ye bring forth fruit.”

Social Nationalism, as the divine opening in man for the evolution of the Creative end, a divinely socialised humanity, must absolutely attract to nucleation, not by the natural law of the fitnesses of rapacities, but by its own law of the

attraction of un-rapacities, of anti-rapacities ; by the fire and urgency of the social passion, as opposed to the heat and insistence of the unsocial, of the anti-social.

It would draw men toward the centre of the movement by the attraction and gravitation of their liberated and energetic social worths ; draw them to the brain of the movement, because they are in the brain of its divine thought ; to the heart of the movement, because they are filled and fired with the loverly passion of its service ; to the mailed right arm and decisive hand of the movement, because their energies are becoming executive and forcible for its lead and sway.

It would draw men, in fine, because they have died out of the range of the private motive passions, which energise for personal dominion and aggrandisement, and are being born again into the range of the public and social passions, which lead them, for Humanity's sake, into a self-effacement ; a yielding up of the individual aim and end into the aim and end of the evolution which seeks to lead to birth an organic Social People.

Now here is no place for half-way men, those of divided interests, of opposing motives, of contending or halting purposes ; no room for waywardness, for doubt or lingerings or trepidations. "No man can serve two masters : " no two or more men can nucleate in the law of a divine social nucleation, excepting in so far as each is to a degree self-effaced and so born again from self-service into the service of the evolutionary organic social Man.

The workers have to find each other on this principle, and to recognise each other, so to say, "by the Master's word, spoken foot to foot, knee to knee, breast to breast, hand to grip and mouth to ear." In fine, they must meet, touch and recognise each other on that higher ground of self-effacing, socialising personality and experience, which

is analogous, on a different plane, to the mutual interflow and thrill by which kindred spirits of opposite sexes recognise their mutual fitness, relationship and interdependence.

Old secret, known to Hebrew bards and prophets; to seers, saints and sages of India and Greece; imparted by the Nazarene Master to the beloved with whom he clasped hands and broke bread; known to Christian apostles and martyrs; known to the heroic souls who fed with their lives the failing oil in the lamp of humanity during the cold, dark middle ages; known since; known now, if sought for in the utter devotion and consecration of the life;—this must be found, this must be realised; else the incipient Nationalism of to-day, however brilliant may be its temporary leafage and flowerage, will rot down, fruitless.

Such failure of result is not inevitable. The sore experiences of the past year have possibly taught the warm-hearted and earnest men and women who constitute the vital and effective body of Social Workers on the Pacific coast, that Social Nationalisation cannot prosper as a movement of superficiality. It begins to be seen, that it takes hold of the root principles in our real human nature; that it is a divine growth ascending in and germinating through human nature, and that from these most vital principles it must ripen to fruitage, if it is to bear fruit at all.

It is not going to advance as a fourth of July procession. It is not going to be consolidated after the method or in the law of the extant Political Parties. It is not going to achieve the ends of a mere vast Benefit Club. Bread and the circus for everybody was what the Cæsars ensured to the populace of Rome.

It is going to arise in the dignity, honor and self-sacrifice of socialised, of divinised human nature. It is going in the lines of its advance to carry people out of their dead, stu-

pified immersion and burial in private self and its belligerent interests, and to bear them on the bosom of its generous wave into the warm passions, the heroic aspirations, the courages and virtues of a true and real humanity.

Its interests are not to be trifled with, nor its honors smirched, nor its confidences abused, nor its triumph postponed or bartered, by local cliques or subtle demagogues. It will never be shaped into *salons de luxe* for the coteries of Mrs. Grundy to entertain their scandal parties. It is going to incorporate the *elite* of manhood, the divine flowerage of womanhood ; to awaken them to a sense of the divinities that thrill within them ; to evolve the repressed nobilities and lovelinesses that strive in their latent potency of humanhood, and to lead them forth, full armed, full illumined, into beatific and energised association.

Neither is it to be aristocratic, in any sense by which that term is used in the parlance of the time. It is to fuse its might and worthiness into the Common People ; leading them into a common faith, a common hope, a common energy, for the common uprising. It will be only accessible—by the inexorable law of divinity in fitnesses—to those who are in heartfelt sympathy and alliance with its central principle of Common Good. Its hand must lift every man above his accidents and its bosom upbear every woman from her misfortunes.

Never yet, since the birth of History, has there ever been on Earth a genuinely human public opinion. On the other hand, public opinion as the times have known it, has been dominated by the inhuman pharisaic sentiment, clad with hypocrisies ; fed to felonies ; armed and exercised in murders and generated in odious and self-exalted lusts.

There is to be—it is rising now—a public opinion, born out of the generous-hearted considerateness of our common

and infinite humanhood. We are to rely on this, infilled and organised in the divineness and potency of the social passion, as the motive power, as the vast, revolving, irresistible wheel, that shall effect the revolution, the evolution, the re-creation of laws, customs and institutions.

It is but childish folly to under-estimate the holding and aggressive power of Capitalised Egoism. No rich man of the type is ever satisfied, whatever may be the bulk of his possessions; for the egoistic passion in its very essence is insatiable: it shapes in the man who is ruled by it an open grave, yawning ever for its spoil. Mr. John A. Rockefeller, when thirty years ago he enjoyed the salary of a poor clerk, probably looked up to \$100,000. as a vast sum, which to possess would fill the measure of his content. Well, he gained—pious communicant as he was— the \$100,000. He has since urged on the warfare of Standard Oil till the \$100,000. has passed the \$100,000,000. and is swiftly climbing to the \$200,000,000. And is he satisfied? To-day, with one hand, he clutches the Senate of the United States, and with the other he reaches out to the control of the entire system of public traffic and inter-communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

200,000 men now are the legal owners of more than half of all the properties and resources of this nation of more than 60,000,000. Are they satisfied? Never was their grasp, their greed, their eager and remorseless pursuit of every remaining franchise and freedom of the People, as it is at this hour. Capitalised Egoism, by the law and spirit of its nature, can never stop in its inroad whilst any value remains to be possessed that it has not already appropriated, unless meanwhile it is mastered and abolished. Yet this is



the Power which Social Nationalism has to meet.

If the cumulative force of Capitalised Egoism extended thus far and no farther, it might possibly be encountered and overborne by its natural enemies. But the Foe does not live solely in its shielded and solitary magnificence. It sits down by all but a small minority of hearths; it promulgates its treasons against mankind from nearly every fire side.

How is this? Simply because the average of the People, man and woman, young and old, are born and nurtured into the practical creed of the 19th Century. That creed is this; that men are individual, isolated monads, and that their first and last duty, pursuit and interest in life is, with whatever power they possess and facility they enjoy, to acquire and maintain private material possessions; in competition with the neighbor; irrespective of any misfortune or ruin that may occur to the neighbor, or to the general well-being, as the result of their successes in the competitive strife. The prayer of the self-seekers, young and old is, "O that I might be rich, even as this Rockefeller!"

Now, till the unhuman appetite for private egoistic wealth is swallowed up and abolished in the passion for the public wealth, the public welfare, this massed Plutocratic Egoism has its moral ally, its mental attorney, its vital support, its religious countenance, everywhere throughout this vast national area of middle-class struggle and proletary anguish and destitution.

We have to contend, as Social Nationalists, not only with a plutocratic opinion and sentiment, but also with a plutocratic passion that diffuses its virus through the flesh and blood of the People; that feeds and strengthens in their food, that rests and re-energises in their repose, that whirls their thought from the logic of its reason to the notions of

the unreason ; that organises feeling, desire, motive, effort, life itself, in the cruel and constrictive lines of bitter and relentless neighborhood war. The great body of the Public staggers mentally and morally ; dazed, hypnotised, intoxicated, deluded, under the operation of this deadly spell.

So the Nation maunders on ; sick in its religion ; impotent and improvident in its philanthropies ; lost to the consciousness of its own vital and inseparable humanhood, and of its most urgent and extreme necessities ; feeding the flower of its youth, exploiting the ripe worth of its manhood, to the service of a foreign and malign oppression. It is not only that the People is defrauded of its bread ; it is poisoned almost to its core. Only the sweetest and most humanely heroic constitutions are enabled to hold a remains of the social will and consciousness ; overswept as they are, deluged as they are continually, by the floods of malignant and profane delusions.

It is true that the Competitive System is inherently mortal ; by its own inexorable law the hour of supreme triumph must also be the hour of ruin. It is true also that this ruin—unless a System of Public Safety is found ready for its place—will be fulfilled in the crash and explosion of all civil institutions. But it is also true that such wreckage and obliteration of moral and material results would still leave the Plutocratic Passion itself intact ; organised in the private self of the multitude ; entrenched there ; defiant there as the master force and ruling instinct of the land. If there is to be no Socialist People evolving to dominion through the visible disaster, Civilisation must pass into a death-agony, and must rise again—if it ever shall rise—through incoherent, warlike barbarisms ; the woes and inhumanities of unknown ages.

III.

Evolution advances to its end by a process of ideas. This process leads on by two parallel and inter-related streams, each holding and operating by its own quality to its own differentiated specialty; passions wed to thoughts and generating forces. Each may be said to have innumerable eyes and arms; methods, systems, manifold and comprehensive. Now these two currents of evolution have been growing up to their present special prominence from a period dating back to the last quarter of the preceding century. The first stream may be phrased as the inventive, the scientific, the mechanical-material. It leads by results to the dominion of man in the productive energies of Nature. It organises steam, it makes a workman of the lightning; it harnesses the solar forces to planetary service. Last and most significant, it lays hand upon the secrets whereby the etheric forces that entwine in gravitation can be disentwined and led by rhythmical motion to evolve for human service the power of the powers.

Man, who was heretofore the servant of these natural lares and genii, has at least begun to command the spells by which the genii shall be his subjects and fellow-workmen. Hence the labor-saving inventions, which, organised in their mechanical structures, are now equivalent to the daily manual labor of millions of men in the United States alone, and which are capable of being increased easily to hundreds of millions; there being no limit but the necessities of mankind.

Now, more than a thousand years ago Evolution, urging toward result, found a pacific, frugal, industrious and intelligent pupil in the receptive reason of the Chinese nation. The tree of industrial invention rose to leaf, blossom and

fruitage there. All of the sciences, all of the inventions follow in a law of series, of sequences. Chemistry was grasped as to the initiative; printing was discovered; gunpowder; the ship-building art led up to the construction of ocean fleets.

Then came the apprehension of the fact, that labor-saving inventions, largely substituting machine labor for toil of hand, would result in the withdrawal of employment from the masses, dependent on the sale of their lives in manual service for subsistence; with consequent want; the creation of pauperised hordes; the dissolution and ruin of families; the threatened disturbance of the equilibrium on which depends the institutions of public order.

The government of China, with a firm hand and with no paltering or delay, encountered the apprehended danger. It put an entire stop to the progress of invention; it arrested the evolution. This benevolent Oriental Herod slew the young child in its cradle. Nevertheless, though the national form and system of China survived, the genius of its gift was excluded; the virility of its intellect was emasculated; the promise of its social humanity was abolished. Its history from that time became stagnation.

We are now confronted in America, with the recurrence of the cycle of evolution in science and scientific invention, by the consequences that daunted the governmental authorities of the Chinese People.

There is a second current in the stream of evolution, which, were it to find free and abundant course, would ultimate to results in mankind, correspondent to the triumphant conquests over Nature that ensue in the movement of its kindred flow. China did not win or grasp to the key-note of this dynamic current. It was bound in the superstition of the non-progressive, as applicable to human

life. Its new youth was buried in the womb of a dead and sealed Antiquity. Its eyes were held to the pole of the frozen Past: they were not attracted to the fertile bosom and zone of the tropic Future.

With us it is different: the light by which the sage Franklin saw to flash lightning from the clouds for the scientific evolution of electricity; that light, transmuted to fiery human heat, generated in twain-bosomed America and France the surer flame that was the illumination of Liberty. The divine potency was enfranchised in the soul and flesh of man. Liberty generated for pregnant and fateful hours to a human atmosphere: men breathed it; they breathed in it.

Always before a revolution men feel its presence in the air: always before the vast uprising of a people, it so palpitates about them that the common bosom rises to the rhythms of its atmosphere. The fact is indisputable, whatever may be the scientific or moral interpretation. And the form in which the Liberty of evolution clothes and displays its spirit is inevitably Law. Where Anarchy is welcomed Liberty recedes: where Anarchy thrives Liberty perishes.

And Liberty means this: first of all, the awakening and disenthralment of those divine attributes ingenerated in man, which constitute the divinity of his manhood, from their bondage of repression. It does not mean the degradation of man to the licence of his low-born animal origin: it means the uprising of the man, through round after round of wise and virtuous social service, till he breasts full to Deity, and finds home again within the precincts and pavilions of the God.

Liberty means the effacement of the barriers that interpose between the common man and the achievement of the common destiny. There is no possibility for the achieve-

ment of the liberty of the individual, excepting as it is found in the pursuance of the service of the law that ensures the common freedom and well-being of the all.

Leo XIII is bondsman under his papacy: Jay Gould is a serf under his plutocracy: Alexander III is a slave under his imperialism. *Each is in licence*, but neither is in liberty, and neither can be in liberty till his licence perishes. No Oppressor is in liberty: all are in licence, and by so much as that licence empowers and authorises them to abridge and repress that liberty of others which exists only in the common right, they are themselves repressed from their own humanity. They drain the better blood from their own veins, when they make their hearts the goblets from which they quaff the life-flow of their fellowmen.

Licence to make war upon the rights of others, upon the common rights of all, is but the licence to beget Crime and dandle Anarchy upon the knees. Who then are the Anarchists by pre-eminence? those who uprear their dominance in the suppression and exploitation of man, and hence in the anarchy of human powers. They may not apply the spark to the mine that threatens to explode Society; but they generate a fluid of vital dynamite that is diffused, that flows in currents throughout the bodily form and corporate atmosphere of Society; a fluid that is inherently explosive and that explodes in universal conflagration when full and ripe.

The American Revolution was an evolution of Liberty; but the Mother Goddess, like the awful Isis, was veiled from even the most sage and devoted of her worshipers. None of them—notwithstanding the clause incorporated by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence—seem practically to have conceived that the recognition of the inherent right of man to liberty involved, by logical impli-

cation, the doctrine of the common equality as well.

Indeed, on mere natural grounds, the ground of finites, nothing can be more obvious than the fact, that men front to each other by universal inequalities. The Dantonists of France grasped at the concept of human equality, not so much by a process of conscious reasoning as by a logic of divination. If the Infinite Divine Humanity inhabits and is energetic in man, then it follows that, by this immanence of the Infinite, all are equally grouped, co-ordinated in the laws of that Infinitude, for the evolution through the each to the all and through the all to the each, of the divine social corporeal humanity, which shall bear witness to the enthronement and beatification of the Supreme Excellence in the social righteousness and holiness of the incorporate manhood and womanhood of the globe.

Men can only associate and intermingle fully and freely with each other, as they are able to recognise the absolute sense in which they stand by one interdependent life, for one comprehensive function of life, upon one common ground of equality, in God and before God. It was worth all the agonies of the French Revolution, if it shall have brought Equality to its regal prominence and set it forth as a fact to be incorporated in the thought and action of mankind.

All men free and equal by reason of the Divine immanence within them! Add to this, all men fraternal by virtue of the Divine Father-Motherhood, educing the divine-human sonship and daughterhood throughout the free, co-equal, interdependent all;—then we have the logical trinity of the divine factors in evolution; the creed of the Social Christ; the ethic of the new and social creation.

For man, if he came forth from God, holds to his humanity solely as he abides in God; racial unity thus exists; social

unity becomes his destiny. Hence it is that the working masses, the only body that as such is in sympathy with the logic of humane causes and events, tends by the gravitation of qualities, the attraction of the passions, to the idea of social, national and international incorporation and its fruitions.

Thus the secret of the world is found; the problems of human life and destiny are solved; the eras of agony, of dissention and disunion terminate: for strife, concord! for disease, health! for disaster, security! for poverties, riches! for the blank misery and destitution of the creature, the Social People, wise, benignant, exalted; spontaneously fulfilling the common round of joyous activities in the common consciousness and sentience of God!

The SOCIAL CHRIST, embodied and active in the latent passion and force, the potency and promise of the Working Man, stands now bound and in captivity before the tribunal of Pilate, represented in organised Plutocracy. The successes of evolution, on the lines of mechanical invention, have armed and empowered that Plutocracy, by means of its absorption of the unearned increment, which represents the increase of wealth upon the planet by the toil of its myriads of productive laborers, ever since the century of inventions began.

The appropriation of the unearned increment has armed Plutocracy as well with the power of that riches; so invested in the public, interest bearing securities of the civilised nations that the ruling dynasties are bound in its fortunes, pledged to its decisions and committed to its fate.

Plutocracy also is armed, fortified and massed, by means of such modicum of the unearned increment as is held as an investment in the mechanism of production and transit;—a force equivalent at least to ten times the daily work-

ing power of the entire proletariat.

Christ before Pilate!—yet Pilate trembles; for, though conscience may be extinct within him, there is a secret sense of insecurity; an awful foreboding of the judgment to come, when the Pilate of the age shall stand arraigned before the Industrial Christ of nations, helpless to escape from the decisions of the supreme tribunal.

Tzars of the thrones, Plutotzars of the marts and exchanges,—whatever there is upon the planet of extreme greed; plus extreme wealth; plus extreme sagacity and adroitness; plus extreme force of the sanhedrim, the press, the bench and bar, the army and police; plus the vast body of the parasitical classes that are fed from the offals of the tables of luxury, and that minister to its vast magnificence and voluptuousness,—all of these, by one consolidated power of antichrist, declare that the Christ of Labor shall die the death.—“Crucify him, crucify him!”

Labor has always been stripped, always scourged, always mocked, always brow-beaten; always driven as a criminal on the *via dolorosa*, the bleeding pathway to the hill of agony. But Labor never, till as now, has made it evident by clear light, that the immanent God abode within its form, was out-breathing through its social passion, enunciating the truth of universal order through its quickening intelligence and knitting its members together into one compact corporeal structure; a solidarity of social life.

Thus it is seen, that Plutocracy has built up to this enormous power of dominion by means of its control of the productive machinery and political organisations of the world. It has grasped the resultant force that is the outgrowth of the evolution on its material plane.—It is confronted, on the part of the People, by the luminous ideas that have been generated in the public mind by the evolu-

tion, advancing on the lines of its human and humanising plane.

It is a realisation of that sublime prophetic vision of the Apocalypse. The Woman clothed with the sun is bringing forth the Man-Child, born to the rule of nations. The dragon, coiled, intent, is waiting to devour the infant in the hour of its birth.—We are drawing toward the supreme crisis in the history of the globe.

IV.

The horror and heart-break of the present miserable situation is, that it is a war of members in the one inseparable body of mankind. Plutocracy and Proletariat, the parasite and the producer, are essentially one heart, one life, one flesh. There is but one interest that is vital and real, and this interest human and common to all.

The one question, underlying, inherent to and pervading all issues that are raised or that can be raised is this: shall Mankind struggle and wrangle on, involved in the universal warfare and murder of its private selfism, the squalor and contemptibility of its base naturehood; or, shall it transform that naturehood, enlarging through it into the social passion, the social institutions, the sweetness, culture and opulence of its divine-natural humanity?

It may be possible to conceive of new environments, brought about by compromises and mutual concessions of the private self, that shall ensue in a partial restoration of the equilibrium of riches. Yet such arrangements in the nature of things can be but tentative and temporary. They can only be brought about, moreover, through bitter controversies, heart-burnings, lacerations of the Body Sensitive and strain and peril of the Body Politic.

The war of strikes and boycotts threatens always to become a war of public insurrection. Pinkerton's police, State Militia, the Sheriff's posse are powerful; but so are the massed Toilers; their roused and maddened wifely and motherhood: so is dynamite.

A mortgaged agricultural State, ruined by failing crops, ten per cent interest, onerous rates of railway transportation, tariff-taxes, prices of farm products reduced below the cost of production by the system of cornerage,—what is it but a State on the edge of revolution or secession?

It is easy to conceive of a possible situation, in which the Farming States, as Independent Sovereignities in the Union, may array their governing authorities, legislature, courts, citizen soldiery, against the Federal powers. It is easy to look on to the birth of a new Confederacy: our Union is not a band of invulnerable steel; it is a glass globe: we feel already the jar of the concussions: its atoms may fly apart; it may shiver into fragments.

The Yeomanry of the Nation is plodding, patient, conservative, non-aggressive; the last of the land to be aroused to social-political innovation. Yet its fire when aroused is not the flame of the stubble; it is the fierce heat of enduring anthracite.

The Bucolic Issachar may be "an ass bowing between two burdens," and Plutocracy may be a "lion of Judah, ravening for the prey." But rouse Issachar too far, urge him till he meets the opportune, and the dumb creature trumpets in tones as authoritative as when the ass spoke to Balaam:—nay, he is transformed; he is ass no more; his aspect is that of the war-angel with sword of flame. How was it at Lexington, when the Yeomanry of Massachusetts Bay rose from their invaded homes on Lord Percy's red coats? How was it when they made of their breasts a shield and rampart for

Liberty on Bunker Hill?

It was the torpor of the Yeomanry of France that led to the failure of the Commune in '71. It was the wakening and arming of the Yeomanry of England that overthrew the monarchy and resulted in the temporary establishment of the Commonwealth: they were the Ironsides.

The Yeomanry of the United States is stirring and moving now. Its methods may for the time be incoherent and result in failures: its present leaders may prove inefficient, as not being possessed of the genius of the occasion. But let the occasion last, let it ripen, and the fated leaders are sure to arrive. So Cromwell was found for Britain; so Garibaldi found Italy. The Hour when pregnant always brings forth her men. But men of what sort? Shall this be sword-time, or shall it be God-in-People's time?

Issachar is slow, painfully ruminating; not at all conscious that the man-angel of Sociality is growing through his flesh to possess and transform his earthy and pauperised naturehood. Yet the heredities of Naseby fight, and Bunker Hill contest, move by evolutionary lines toward his social reorganisation. The persistences that were in Washington and John Brown penetrate to possess him: they are marching on.

The Bucolic Intellect as we have seen is slow: it is the contact of minds that evolves intelligence; that generates the passion of intelligence. Yet if slow, it is retentive. If the man of eighty still votes for Jackson, it is that he cherishes the patriotic memories of 1815. If the man of sixty casts his ballot in the pathetic remembrance of Lincoln, it is that he recalls the imperilled Union and the great uprising of the People. If he holds to his ecclesiastical traditions, it is because he or his fathers found God in the traditions. He is not yet aware that Divinity, felt from of

old through the frozen mists of antiquity, throbs now, heaves now, leads movement now in the infinitude of evolution. He is hardly able yet to "catch on;" his habits are constant and they operate to the constancy of his prejudices. His Eden is localised and bounded in the far, dim Past; but this is only till his humane passions are fired and his brain illumined and fed by the on-coming lights of the Social Future.

Yet meanwhile the environments, in which our Yeomanry found if not opulence yet comfort and security, have insensibly changed, becoming oppressive and ruinous. They narrowed and still narrow; they upgrow to floors of spikes and walls of thorns, and roofs that exclude the high, broad azure, and fashion the fetid ceilings of the closed and fatal prison room. The Yeomanry sleep in the tradition of Liberty, whilst round them weave and fasten the ligatures of the slave. The politician duped them by deceptive promises; they served the purposes of his Party; they believed in it as the lover in his mistress, and the devotee in his God. They are only cured of the infatuation as they awake to find the franchises of their existence lost; their inheritance divided between the middle-man, the railway-man, the cornerer and the mortgagee. If our Yeomanry wakes now, it is because Plutocracy has thrust in the knife; the deeper the knife is thrust in, the more they will awaken. When the vitals are pierced they will emerge; gaunt, ghastly, but terrible and inexorable.

The life of the individual monads of the race, when left to the sluggish motion of the rural solitude, is too brief for the serious maturities of Wisdom. Courting time, mating time, brooding time; then care time, ponderous, anxious, with recurrent troubles of disease and bereavement; then wasting, withering, decay;—it is all too brief. We are birds

that hatch and warble and circle round our tree for the short leafy season. Never till the nests begin to be broken up, and the food to fail, and the shots of the slaughterers to penetrate, and the trees to tremble for the blows of the axeman will the flights commence to apprehend that the dooms have overtaken them.

When all is said in its favor that can be said, the life of the solitary farm homestead is still the survival of a barbarism: its decline and end is a necessary process in the evolution of man from his petty and stolid naturehood. But the transition, that might be made heroic and exhilarating, is embittered, protracted and imperilled by the refusal of the Yeomanry to recognise and become adapted to the new conditions;—the refusal of the germ to grow; of the buried bulb to cleave the soil and meet the morning and lift the stalk and enlarge to its transfiguration in the solar flower.

If men only knew!—but they do not know. Those who know and who bear witness must bear the penalty of this refusal to be instructed. Yet those who witness will not be alone in the sufferings. In times of denial it is not Jesus only who must endure the cross: it is also the sons and sires, the mothers and daughters of Jerusalem; toward whose walls the legions are marching, for whose temple and whose homes the torches bicker, for whose honors awaits ruin, for whose limbs the chain. Education is through agonies.

Our Nation, identified as it is with the larger form of Civilisation, is a mere thought bubble, custom bubble, propriety bubble, suspended in the general atmosphere of the egoised barbaric passions; the latent, repressed, resultant persistences of the old cruel ages when lust and violence held an unrestrained dominion. Old Napoleon said of the cultured

Russ, "prick his skin and you find the barbarian." So of the decorous, moralised, conventional naturehood of the American Civilizee; parasite, producer, plutocrat,—prick the skin and we touch the savage still.

But this is not the savage of the stone age; it is the scientific savage of the age of steel, of dynamite, of electricity, to whom the exploitation of his fellow-man is a fine art, organised in his religions of enmity, glozed and defended in his literatures of hypocrisy and subterfuge. And his empire is built up as great Babylon, with hanging gardens on the mountain chains, from the belts of ice to the zones of endless summer, prouiding gaily to the faces of the outside oceans and inland seas; and with palaces and pleasancess, and ways of swiftness and magnificence that touch from circle to circle over a dominion such as from of old the world has never seen. And to the vision of the ancient seer all the glory of great Babylon that he beheld, in one hour came to nought. And in another hour of unfear'd and sudden doom this too may perish!

For the life and duration of all this is suspended on that which to the natural touch is absolutely nothing. It rests on an opinion, a stupor, an acquiescence, a consensus of repression among its quivering masses. The persistences of the heredities of all savage and barbaric ages, all appetences of murders, all lusts of acquisition or revenge, all greeds of spoilation and rapine exist, partially dormant, chained in by superficial opinion, custom and policy: they exist as latent forces in the human naturehood: the divinity that exists and operates through common man has thus long and partially held them in coercion.

Now it is the advantage of the great body of the toiling Yeomanry and of the working Proletariat, born to the cottage and the manger as it is, that it escapes the curse that

issues through the loins of the Oppressor, the cruel birth-right of ill-gotten hereditary riches. It was spoken by the Wisdom that was of old, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God:" even so, how hardly shall those who are the children of the ill-gotten riches, and who inherit into the inhumanities of their acquisition, enter into that holy home and paradise of social man. They are born into the kingdom of unjust Mammon; their structural lines are fashioned, their instincts are organised, not in the sympathies of humanity; but in the antipathies, the animosities, the inversions of humanity. They are born into the vortex of the inhumanities; born to float gaily in the gilded barges that ride upon the death-stream of the martyred, toiling race.

It is a wonder of God in evolution that the offspring of the human tiger and tigress should, nevertheless, inherit into so much of the surviving qualities of the truly human infant. A wonderful thing that they so retain a survival of the divinity in their tender flesh, that they may still hold to a thread or thrill of connection that makes it possible for them to be over-watched by "the angels of the Father, who is in heaven."

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own :
Yearning she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can,
To make her foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Thus Wordsworth in his immortal ode. But it is as the private self, nature born, nature fashioned, nature filled, naturally insatiate, closes in upon the tender essence of the

inmost and real humanhood, that the glories of the divine origin are obliterated, and the lamps of the imperial palace veiled from sight.

Nevertheless the child, in a large natural sense, is father to the man. Oppressors beget minions and representatives of oppression, till the line of the exalted and exclusive rich, marrying and inter-marrying with its own kind, becomes impotent; wasting and failing in scrofula and idiocy. Wherever a strong great man is found, in whom the social passion makes its assertion by thoughts and works that serve to the liberation and enrichment of the People, it will be discovered that a glowing and opulent stream of People's life mingled with kindred streams for the due uplifting of structures into fitting lines of personality. What wealth of unexplored riches, what latent heroisms and nobilities await the happier times, for issuance from the People's womb!

It is claimed that the ordinary man of toil is ignorant; that he has much to learn. Granted; and this is to his disadvantage. But he has not so much to unlearn as the heir of Opulence, cultured in the egoised ethics and science and philosophy of the universities, in the history that is misinterpreted, and in the literatures that are diseased and deceitful. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It is only those stout twigs of patrician birth that were so rooted and strengthened in the nobler heredity of the People that they would not bend, and indeed could not be made to bend, that hold to the upright aspect; that rise gold-flowered and fruited, to ripen the generous wisdoms of man's inner and real nature.

There is more profound, accurate, incisive social thought to-day among the French, the Belgian, the Swiss, the German, the British, the Australian, the American groups of artisans; more, ten-fold, an hundred-fold, than in all the

pulpits, the counting houses, the editorial sanctums or universities ; more grasp of the humane principles ; more knowledge of the actual trend of events.

Let miracle be denied ; still this evolution of the divine qualities through man is by the law of the common and universal miracle. The hereditary bondsmen of Toil, having comparatively none of the false knowledge to unlearn, are proving themselves wise in the culture that includes all cultures, the ethics of Sociality. The groups of the Labor Unions are far in advance of the average groups of Congress men. Seat this young child of the People in the federal temple of the Nation, and the rabbis of the Senate will be astonished and confounded by his doctrine, for he will speak with the authority of scientific knowledge and experience, "and not as the scribes."

And the reason why the millions of the artizans have almost as a body abandoned the ministrations of ceremonial religion, is because they have a deeper and richer knowledge of the social ethics of Jesus of Nazareth ; a vaster and more penetrative comprehension of his mission and purpose, so far at least as this world is concerned, than is even dreamed of by all but a few of the readers from the lectern or the celebrants of the altar. Even those of the German school, most agnostical in sentiment, possess an apprehension of the working methods of salvation which has almost become obliterated from the ecclesiastical consciousness.

These dis-churched artizans are working right in the direction of Christ's work of public and organic righteousness : they are in the stream of Christ's sympathies ; they are following on in the toil of Christ to institute the uplift from below ; to base the opulence and magnificence of Earth, not as it is now based on desolations, robberies, destitutions, shames and miseries, but on the common fellowship and

sympathy and right dealing and honor between man and man.

The uplift from below! consider this for a moment. There is no doubt that the uplift of general mankind, sought to be effected by ministrations through a class, distinct and working from above, is a failure. Nearly an hundred thousand of the *elite* of the youth of the nation, with liberal culture, with the ethic and dogmatic of theology superadded, with exquisite moralities and social refinements, are set apart from each generation to preach "Christ crucified."

They cannot agree as to who or what Christ was, or as to what constituted the seed-germs and working powers of his thought. As to his social ethics they for the most part ignore them: as to his social aims they agree that they are impracticable. They keep alive the traditions; they perpetuate the visible form and service of the sacraments; they minister to the luxuriousness of the religious sentiment; they assist to soothe the consciences and feed the spiritual hopes of the complaisant Plutocracy; they serve to drill the morals and to throw a decent veil of saintly conformity over the ebullient passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

Their gospel reaches clean down, through the middle-men to the retainers and lackeys of Wealth's upper realm: it serves a public end for the consecration of the nuptial feast and for the obsequies of the departed.—It does more; it serves to roll up the stone, to seal the doors of the sepulcher where sleeps the Martyred Man of Social Toil: it stands as sentinel at the gates, lest he should come forth in resurrection

We all know the valiant and worthful exceptions to this indictment. God will bless them; and He hath blest. Yet the indictment we but repeat: it has been pronounced from their lips already. Bliss, Webster, Herron;—the roll-call

may be led to hundreds like unto them. Yea and amen! but where stand the others of the hundred thousand? So stood Parker and May and William Channing and hundreds with them, whilst the great American Church justified or extenuated the offence of chattel slavery.

If American domestic servitude was, as Garrison declared it to be, "the sum of all villanies," what shall be said of the system of Wage Slavery that has grown up to continental enormity since its abolition. "Runaways hunted by dogs in the cane-brakes of the Mississippi!"—Yes, but how about the troops of white girls, in those logging camps of Michigan, hunted by blood-hounds when they rush to escape from the nightly outrage of their persons that is perpetrated there?

What shall be said of the tens of thousands of educated and virtuous young ladies, who perish annually from consumptive diseases, passing to their poor pallets from attendance on such opulent sales rooms as those of conspicuous millionaires, but too well known? They are used up and worn out with less consideration than is afforded to the beasts of carriage. They perish from excess of toil and insufficient nourishment.

Again how about this "right of seigniorage"? How about these tens and hundreds of thousands of young women of our own complexion, who to retain their places in sales room or work room and to escape being cast out to unemployed destitution, are compelled to "stand in with the boss," with all the personal defilement and degradation that the vile phrase implies?

A wealthy clothing merchant, the supporter of a popular church in one of the important cities of Ohio, privately told

his story, having previously reformed his habits. It was to the effect that in the years of his business during which he had "lived up to his opportunities," nearly one thousand of virgins and widows to whom he supplied work had found it necessary to "stand in" with him.

We talk religiously of free will, but the Manufacturing and Employing Plutocrat knows how to coerce free will; to hurl down free will beneath the grinding wheels of organised and imperious necessity. The "great city Babylon" stamps whoso would buy or sell within her gates by "the mark of the beast in the forehead." Wearing that mark, in the full front and power of his authority, the man of the mark burns it in again on the brow and breast of the helpless daughters of the People. Yet the purities are murdered in the pure, the innocences stolen from the innocent, and "no man lays it to heart."

The church of the Plutocracy is dumb: its womanhood is dumb: its subsidised and universal public press is dumb. These are things that Society will not tolerate to be spoken of, and which when spoken of are commonly denied.

How again about the tens or hundreds of thousands of needle women, hand workers, machine workers; the never-ending ghastly procession that empties its wasted annual surplusage into the streets, into the dives, into the hospital and the pauper's grave? Is this America, a continent of the earthly planet, open through clear azure to sun and stars; or has it sunken down—its dwellers unaware—and become re-incorporated in the seemings of a world for a new and thrice infernalised Pandemonium?

Every hour so many of these, our sisters, drop through spoil and outrage into ruin, yet we are comparatively at the beginning; for with every hour the multitude of helpless, impoverished, unprotected womanhood increases, through-

out the length and breadth of the land. With every hour the mighty host of the Despoiler adds to its ranks by fit and chosen neophytes and associates, eager and fired and panting for the prey.

A luminous thinker of the middle years of the 18th century wrote, "All things stand prepared and ready, and await the light." The light dawned: it led the evolution by twin streams of scientific invention and humane culture and assertion. Unhasting, unresting, it brings all obsolete, outworn, impedimental customs, opinions, institutions; all environments of mankind, into judgment before the tribunal of the divinehood that shapes to fashion in the humanity of man. But now it may be written again, "All things stand prepared and ready, and await the fire:" not the torch of the Insurrectionist, but the ardors of Living Evolution, led to their enkindling wisdom in the social passion of the Peoples.

It has been claimed by one school of liberal thinkers, that the evils of the Present are not so much more than those of the Past, but that we see them more.—Even so; and we see them more because they are being led up to confront the Divine Tribunal in the formative social humanhood, and to receive the sentence, "Depart!" We too, who ponder together in this strange hour of the fate-time, are involved, from living flesh to living soul, in the full round of its tremendous issues: we too feel the momentum of the massive forms that wheel on, on to judgment: we too, as we survive, must incorporate our futures in the bliss or woe.

V.

There is at present, throughout the human area of our Nation, a movement which for lack of some better term may be designated as an "incipient evolutionary whirl;" a current of vital force, energised in the flowing stream of the out-working social passion. This may be traced through three distinct channels of operation.

The first whirl-current operates for the diffusion of the impulse of collectivity, for its method, firmness, sympathy and influence, through the vast body of artisans and common laborers. It is impregnating the Trades Unions with the socialistic fire, but embodies its more virile force, its more effective motion of intelligence, in the distinctive State Socialists, whose organ of service is the Socialistic Labor Party.

The visible fount of this movement was originally from abroad. Germany, the focus of the world's philosophic culture, was the first, more than a quarter of a century ago, to evolve the formulæ of a strictly logical and scientific evolution of organised industry, that should merge individualism in collectivity.

The distinguished Karl Marx was the first of thinkers to work out the problem in the logic of inductive reason: he announced beforehand the main features of the march of the competitive system through trusts and syndicates to the huge capitalistic monopolisation that exists to-day. More, he clearly defined the law whereby competition whirls on into a final result of combination, and hence the crash, the chaos of our present industrial fabric as the ensuing consequence. State Socialism must not be confounded with the imported Anarchism: they are as opposite in spirit, method and result as order is opposed to anarchy.

The second whirl of evolution circulates mainly through

the professional, artistic, literary classes, the exceptionally humane of the *bourgeoisie* and thence to the isolated yeomanry. This movement was begotten in the old Socialism of cultured New England, surviving still from the labors of William Henry Channing, George Ripley and the band of exceptionally gifted men and women who were comprised in the "American Union of Associationists" 45 years ago: it is ideal, reverent, cultured, sympathetic and humanitarian. These old associationists were brim full of patriotic faith and courage; possessed of the modern spirit. Their one deficiency was in the lack of apprehension of the laws of industrial organisation and environment, which were afterwards formulated in the German school.

To Mr. Laurence Gronlund must be given the honor by his treatise, "the Co-operative Commonwealth," published some seven or eight years since, of being the first to introduce to the general American thought this missing factor, necessary for the evolutionary advance. Written from full knowledge of the logical ground and mastery of the facts of the material situation; written with the naïve honesty of the child yet with the ripe wisdom of the scholar in his specialty, this and his subsequent productions, though of comparatively limited circulation, served as the Euclid of social mathematics.

This and kindred literature supplied the base on which Mr. Edward Bellamy reared his popular and far-appreciated structure. In that now almost world-famous prevision it seemed to many that "Golden Jerusalem"—always luminous above the clouds of the mental firmament—was seen descending to a solid foundation established for it upon material soil. Yet "Looking Backward" would have fallen dead upon an apathetic Public had not the vital whirl of evolution opened channels for its reception in the Popular

brain and bosom.

The Arabian prophet affirmed that, "God sends to every nation a prophet in its own tongue." He sent to Germany Karl Marx and Lassalle, and to America the accurate, thorough Gronlund, and our own genial and hopeful Bellamy. But more, to these last annunciators he sent audiences as well. They translated the unapparent to the evident: so men found bread in the dry sand where before they but tasted stones; they met water-springs where before they had parched in the hot dust of the desert. So the whirl of evolution found access and Social Nationalism rose to a swift and auspicious prominence.

But there is in evolution a third whirl; a mighty one, though hidden as a river of the night. It is in the class raised by mental and industrial prowess, by extreme wealth—often hereditary wealth—to dignity, power, exclusiveness, sumptuousity and luxury; the centre and crown of existing Society.

The same heart beats in the bosom of the man of a dollar a day and the man whose dollar is born anew to him every minute. There is the same hereditary private self grasping to the egoised interest, and within him the same latent social passion, pregnant with the riches of the Infinite and yearning to the birth, that it may pour abundance into the bosom of the People.

Poverties are burdens that heap care and agony upon the man of cruel and lonely toil: riches are burdens that lead to their humane possessor anxieties, sore misgivings, crises of conscience, questionings as to what is the right and wrong between rich and poor, employer and employee; the public treasury and the private purse;—yea, what is the final right between opulence and God? Here is a vast, deep-burdened heart that waits to be relieved; a vast brain

that begins to apprehend that infinite benignities may be dispensed from the halls and treasuries that have been made the shrines of Mammon.

Humane Socialism is breathing on, feeling its way through the topmost class, and its movement there is in the strict order of evolution: it has taken up, all unobtrusively, a permanent abode. It has come, gloriously to demonstrate at no distant period that God's heart beats full circle through all classes and conditions of men. It is by no means improbable that gentlemen of such types as Wm. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Leland Stanford, Robert Garrett, Abram Hewitt, Charles Francis Adams, may yet stand full bold in the logic of Karl Marx, and the fruitful suggestions of Gronlund and Bellamy. There is an host of working men of combined skill and capital, employers of labor, but kind and considerate employers, men of conscience up to the measure of their light, who are ripening up to become the apostles and organisers of solidarity.

"Of honorable women not a few!"—The cultured heiresses of Rome and Alexandria in the earlier Christian centuries exchanged jewels and purple and the service of slaves for the plain robes and sisterly avocations of the daughters of the People. We have yet to see full openings of the riches of social wisdom, devotedness and courage in the exclusive circles of our American Womanhood. It is simply ignorance or misinformation as to the social ethic, and its infinite possibility of uplift and reconciliation and cleansing and nourishing, that holds them in quiescence now.

This third stream of evolution throbs with a profound and even awful passion: eminently it is the Woman's whirl. It forms to the impulse that leads to the Episcopal Sisterhoods; to nurse-service in the hospitals and among the lowly poor; to the zeal and devotion of the "King's Daugh-

ters" and kindred societies of help and succor. It stirs like the approach of Advent in the bosom of the church that is sometimes described as "the aristocratic and capitalistic porch of Zion:" it finds recent and warm access of partial utterance in the voice of prelates of that episcopate. It sets already two of its priesthood before the Public as founders or conductors of socialistic, nationalistic periodicals, and their utterances are both sweet and considerate, both wise and brave.

Let a preacher like Phillips Brooks fully comprehend and receive the God whom he adores and loves, as seeking to reach mankind again in this crisis-hour of its destiny through social evolution, and his utterance would rock the "Wealth Church" of the continent as if it were an infant's cradle: it would lead forth the land's proudest and most glorious daughters by tens of thousands. Where woman leads man is sure to follow: the path of this brave advance would be the Social Commonwealth.

The Nation possesses an untitled but hereditary *noblesse* that is not to be confounded with rail-sharps, oil-thieves, coal-robbers and trade-pirates or their progeny. These are *aristo*, the best; inheritors of the cultures, amenities and honors of families that greatened from old centuries by alliances and assimilations of fiery-passioned heroic qualities of mind and heart. Adamses, Winthrops, Jays, Schuylers, Lees, Fitz-Hughs, Hegers, Desaussures; blood of the Mayflower, blood of '76, blood of Coligni's Huguenots, and William the Silent's Netherlands, and Cromwell's and Milton's England tingles now in the veins of the Republic's fair and wise and brave.

In these the worthier evolutions of the Past have sown and reproduced their seed: they hold in living structures the wealth of the grand achievements of the forefathers. It

is through such that the evolutionary whirl, condensed, compressed, awaits to marshal forth by sword and lyre, by breasting, battling, organising symphonies.

When the period of incubation is fulfilled the chick must pick the shell, or die. The Republic has accomplished its century of incubation: fashioned within this rigid shell of plutocratic environment, the system of a living People has grown to such completeness that the shell rocks and quivers with its agitation. The question is now, not whether the egg shall be gently eased to a posture in the nest that shall soothe the chick to a little longer period of quiescent repose, as the advocates of palliative and partial reforms, measures of political easement would enforce; but whether the incubation shall fail and the dead egg explode from the degeneration of vitalities into corruptions?

Previous and mighty civilisations have been abolished in the advance of decrepid age and the invasion of inherent, accumulative, catastrophic death. The civilisation of which this Nation is a part holds in its members, by means of the parasitical, retrogressive and venal classes, the age, the rottenness, the decline, the dissolution that shed forth to ruin for the proud empires of antiquity. The rot of Rome diffuses through our parties and the rot of Egypt prostitutes in our palaces and on our streets. We hold, in a suppression that rapidly becomes insuppressable, the consequence of every old catastrophe.

So the dead call to us, "come down, come down!" Babylon calls from its sand-wastes upon the Euphrates; Carthage and Tyre call from stony sepulchres beside the seas; but within all this body of corruption the Young Nation stands, opulent with energies of evolution throughout its industrious

masses, whether their toil be of heart or brain or hand.

Essentially there are but two Parties, the Party of stagnation and that of quickening; the Party of corruption and that of purifying; the Party of absolutism and that of liberation; the Party of entombment and that of resurrection. And Evolution will advance! though the orb lifted hand against the sun the motions of the heavens will not abate, even if the orb shall perish. Though our Nation lift hand against evolution, the evolution will ride on from conquering to conquer; if not through us, with us and for us, then through us still, but against us: "whosoever falls upon that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

But we shall not fall. The embodiment of divine human principle fashioned in the vital constituents of this American People; however tried, however tortured, is not thus to perish. "*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*"

VI.

So far as they conform to the style of naturehood and reject the law of humanhood, the Plutocratic Combinations and the associations of the Artizans and the Yeomanry possess an identity: motive, effort and end are the same; a larger share of material wealth than can be secured by solitary action. Lacking the spirit of Collectivity, the best of them are partial, fragmentary and tentative. They organise to fight, not to love; organise in the principle of fight, not in the principle of love; organise in the method of fight, not in the method of love.

If the roll of membership is scanned, all the way from Syndicates to Trades Unions, three distinct types of character are apparent. The best type consists of men in whom

the genuine social humanhood is firm and assertive, on the uprise to birth. The worst type consists of egoised individualities, shells of aboriginal naturality; creatures who "are on the make;" to whom the affiliation serves for their purpose of make, present or prospective. Between is a middle type; those who fluctuate, who drift, who are instabilities, impressibles; who take on surfacely the alternate aspects of thought, the social and egoistical. Hence, notwithstanding appearances, there is in such associations no solidarity, for that implies a vital sympathy of passion and motive, flowing through all the members, each of whom serves as a factor and motor for the one organic end.

It was the contention of Lassalle, whose thought has permeated the mass of European socialists, that the populace of hand toilers constitutes the vital body of the People, to the exclusion of the classes. This may easily be shown to be a fallacy, that whilst it operates renders nugatory for final good the vast schemes of the Proletariat. The vital body of a Nation consists of those of its inhabitants who are vitalised into the passion, thought and action of their real humanhood. The drifts, the natural ignobles are, till born over, mere parasites upon that living body politic.

It is not ———'s millions but his inhuman rapacity that excludes him from the living body of the People: it is not Jacques Miner's handling of coal; it is his holding into God for the possession and out-work of the humanly divine, that makes him a member of the People's corporate structure: for the Living Nation is the corporate body of God, and those are its members who are nourished and who nourish their fellow members in the flesh and blood of the divine humanity.

Another and equally prejudicial fallacy is, that the measure of a man's service is the sum of his product of material

values. Now the law of naturehood is as Wordsworth phrased it for Rob Roy ;

“For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them ; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Each natural creature subsists by the appropriation of nutritive substance from other lives, though those perish ; but the law of Humanhood is gift. The man who from core to skin is warmly alive in the passions of his humanhood is a factor of forces to his fellows. As one of a group the sum of his productive toil is not to be measured by the chaldrons of coal that stand to his credit when the day's labor is complete. All the days he is a cordial ministrant to his fellows, and they have partaken of the essence and the substance of his powers by an unconscious but actual sacrament. He has given himself into them for strength of toil or skill of hand, for hope of heart and persistence of virtue. Illustrations of this law may be found everywhere if sought by the single eye. Hence there are men whose energies for productive wealth are multiplied ten-fold, an hundred-fold, a thousand-fold, yet the visible result of whose material toil may be less than that of the inferior members of the groups in whom they consociate.

Again, there are working men who boast of an ability to compete with or excel the most handy of their mates, yet who to a large degree are parasites, feeding for the substance of energy upon generous, humane lives that are thus exploited. For the man of gift to toil where he is exposed to bodily *rapport* with the absorbtive man of greed is for him to be abated in force and length of days. There is an exploitation of the masses that proceeds by their own parasites, and Toil can never be liberal and free till delivered

from its incubi. Any system of association that provides for the equality and contact of the incubi in the Industrial Commonwealth involves the perpetuation of the more vital theft.

The vital body of the Nation consists thus of its humanly productives: as the tree so the fruit; as men lift into the ripe wealth of humanhood they will bear fruit, each after his specialty, more and more abundantly. And the toil of the man is as his days are: he is not to be an exempt when his days have reached or passed the meridian: this to him would be slavery, suppression, misery. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Service is made divine as man enters into it by the motive and in the steps of God: no brand of serfdom can mar that calm, high brow or efface the kingliness that crowns thereon.

Doubtless, according to the law and purpose of their association, it was reasonable for the Labor Unions to establish such rules as that no workman should take a double step on the ladder, or carry more than the regulation number of bricks in the hod, or make the hours of labor a minute more than the order, or put in more strokes, or turn out better value of work in the day than his less qualified mates. Yet, for all this, it was degrading: it fettered the liberties of the free and prompt intelligence; it set the rank and file of Labor in a coffin chain: it sought to bind the Spirit of evolution in man. There is a better way: it is not too late to seek it now.

It may be well for the great Oil Magnate to say, "this—— sentiment has no place in business; if I get a rival in a hole I mean to keep him there;" but it will not do for one to say it who esteems the virtue and honor of his manhood, whatever may be the pursuit: for "sentiment," if by this we understand the flow of the divine sympathies of human-

ity, has place in every business, unless that business is meant to be degraded through the bestial into the diabolical. We are here to abolish the diabolism of rivalry; to lift rivalry into the swift step and daring march and kindly supporting touch of kindred excellences. It is not when he receives the day's wage that the man is degraded; it is when he serves for the purpose of pay: man honors and nourishes his manhood as he serves for love.

After all that can be said, the man who is solidified into the egoistic instinct and its private greeds, feels within himself a stronger, though delusive motive for the perpetuation of environments that suppress the social passion, and that give full licence within law for the enormous satisfaction and aggrandisement of the naturehood, than can be compensated for in any form of really humanised institutions. Man's life is in his desires, and his delights are by the measure of their satisfactions.

The delights of gratified pride to the self whose life is in pride; of gain to the self whose life is in gain; of contention and triumph and the out-witting and over-powering of rivals to the self whose life is in battle against competitors; the delight of a wicked ruler in his rule; of the satan of the press in his power to extort homage and inflict pain and enforce fear; of the party boss in the intrigue, the adroit wheedling of the public, the massing of the simple, honest commonalty in the service of his fraud; the satisfaction of the glorying, the perpetual oblations to his inhuman self-praise and self-conceit,—these make to such the chief things that life is worth living for. Now, Society in its present form is a wisely calculated and prudently guarded system for the outlet and satisfaction of the egoistic lusts. Those in whom the lusts rule, and who rule by the lusts, would rather see the Republic bathed in blood and the People rent to

fragments, than that this huge Corporeal Lusthood of environments should be pierced by the knife, or constricted by the chain.

"Lay not this flattering unction to thy soul, Horatio!" No ruling majority in the school of Mr. Bellamy can draw out this leviathan by the hook. The voting conies may combine, but they have not yet done with the tiger. For this would be, by one master-stroke, to upset the constitution of human affairs as History has written it, and to establish a result, which the clearest eyes that ever shone in man could only glimpse as possible through the separation of the social sheep from the egoised and savage wolves. Yes, our Brother, whom we reverence as "the Light of the World," saw order realised in the associative life of the human multitude; but this effected by a clean cutting through: those of the gift-service led by the attractions to the awaiting destinies; those of the greed-service left to their congenial anti-social combination. What may be the processes through which the evolution will operate for the Events that hasten on we may not fore-know. One thing we do know: the Master who foretold beheld the race cleaving apart; its living humankind emergent from its deadly and corrupting inhumanities.

Yet again, if our humanhood is thus to burst the shell of its naturality, it is "not to destroy but to fulfil," and to infill. The scaffolding drops that the temple may stand forth in its sublime proportions. Cast through what fierce heat, uplifted by what supreme endeavor, the matrix opens to disclose the statue of the god. Have we not a logical assurance for the faith, that all things serve the purpose of an infinite economy; that there is no final waste or loss in man?

May not this mass of incipient manhood, closed in the constrictive ego, fettered to the bondage of self-generated

lusts, incapable of submission to the superior passion whilst that was dulled from its flame, chilled from its heat, restrained from its operation by the oppression of the General Ego, rampant in the lusthood of malign environments ;— may not even this find a new impulse of generation through the generous, genial potency of the Uplifted Social Man ? May not the birth-crisis of the New Republic precede and lead on to the fulness and freedom of a new mankind ? May not the evolution be fulfilled in the reign of universal harmony ; “the restitution of all things, spoken of by all God’s holy prophets since the world began ?”—The closed ages are behind us : the open ages are before.

VII.

The stronghold of Plutocratic Egoism is in the egoised Church, which proffers to its adherents an egoised and private salvation. Yet the religion of the church was formulated by the Socialist of socialists, as a means of grace for the uplifting of mankind into its vital and corporate humanhood. In origin, essence, method and purpose it was pure socialism ; its every sacrament a sociality. It was organised in the law of gift, antagonistic at every point to the anti-force of greed. Its message to every man, to every woman was, “Open inly to receive the social Christ of God : open outward for the diffusion of the social christhood throughout the race.”

Let us not condemn without discrimination. The withered beldame, standing on table-rock, stooping over Niagara, tea-spoon in hand ! see, she pities the poor drops whirling down to their doom of “wrath to come :” she reaches out if haply some may be saved : she dips up spoonful after spoonful, drips them carefully into her row of tiny labelled vials

and corks them in.—“For this and to this,” they say, “God took on flesh, and was crucified, and burst the grave.”

State and Church! the one is organised in the competitions of individualism for this world's gain: the other in the self-strife of egoised anti-social believers for the gains and guerdons of the other world. The one tends to the complete exploitation of the productive masses and is based upon their bonded service: the other tends to its own magnificent exclusiveness, as the private domain of enriched non-producers, middle class competitors and unreasoning superstitionists. Such is the two-fold structure of the Public environment.

Now Socialism inhabits the Church as a nascent Humanity, buried in an environment of naturality and struggling to expression. Therefore the visible ecclesiasticism has, notably for the last three centuries, evinced the process of a dissolution; as a structure of mere naturehood evincing more and more of a divorce from the living body of the People; depending as a vesture of superficiality upon its limbs; clinging constrictively upon the popular thought and custom.

We behold it at last invaded decisively by the evolutionary whirl. First, the scientific doctrine of evolution has shattered the faith of the wise among its doctors in their historical and dogmatic cult. Second, the progress of research has weakened or overthrown their trust in the collective accuracy and authority of its sacred oracles. Third the truth of the Divine immanence in mankind is supplanting the creed of *Deus ex machina*; the high, outside God, throned above the universe, and a stranger to the vitalised interiors of human heart and flesh. Hence the latent force-currents of the divine evolution are loosening its massed and pent-up multitudes, through differentiation toward so-

cial personality.

So the Ecclesiastical System which whilst it represents religion, now in the main misrepresents religion, is struggling for existence, and yet for transformation. The few of its strong authorities are feeling their way to the Social Christ, in the rise of the social passion, and by the hope and labor of the social good: the many are holding as did the rabbis of the Jewish cult against the advance of the Nazarene. Yet again, Religion, so long in thrall of ceremonial but ignoble naturehood, is taking heart and finding breath anew in the body of the vital People. Priest and Levite pass by on the other side, but Religion re-affirms her healing potency, instituting her new priesthood of the Good Samaritan.

Throughout the vast labyrinth of the sacerdotal and commercial Babylon the voice of Evolution in warning is trumpeting, "Come out of her, my People, that ye receive not of her plagues!" Fifty years ago the name of "Come-outer" was a term of derision, applied to lonely protestants against the defiant and popular iniquity: now the come-outers are becoming the People, and the stay-inners are beleagured in their strong city by assembling hosts. Gage and his red coats still hold the Boston of our hope, but the Continental Army is assembling and entrenching from hill-side to hill-side, the farmer from his plow, the artisan from the shop and smithy: Revolution becomes organic.

As evolution still advances we see the Sects dividing into thinking, worshiping personalities. Men stood only as they were held together in close grip of tribal and churchly familisms: they fell to weakness as they held apart. Now they find strengths rise with the assertion of liberty; strengths intensify with the assertion of equality; strengths multiply with the assertion of fraternity: from this grand eminence they look on to the supreme might in organised

divine society. The cry is everywhere, "more room, more room!" the old habit stifles. It would be impossible to compress men into the limits that held them half a century ago; or if forced to that compression it would be to them as the black hole of Calcutta.

The egoised individual mind clings, by the love of life, to Nature as a ground of surface-hold and delight, and this appetency is denounced by the religionist as a profane worldliness. When Garrick exhibited to Dr. Johnson his superb gallery of art, the grim moralist exclaimed, "Ah, Davy, Davy! these are the things that make a death-bed terrible." The young birds love their sheltering tree, and though the summer is ended and the leaves fallen they shrink from the unknown flightways through the far, dim azure. But man is a creature of enduring hope; so the ego knowing that the cling here must fail, mounts aloft by a self-longing for private possession and pastime, in an other-worldliness, that it deems religious yet which is still profane.

Hence comes the delusion of the Pharisee: transferring the self-grip of the ego to that other world, he "thanks God that he is not as other men, or even as this Publican," who delights in creature good and makes his holding-place and joy-realm here. The pharisee thinks to be wise in his generation: he will not "carry all his eggs in one basket;" so that, when the lower basket drops and its eggs are broken, he may float high, bearing the other basket, with eternal prospect of chicks and omelets in store. He "is not as this publican."

Now the religion of the social passion translates the hope and trust of man from self-righteousness to the divine righteousness, made social righteousness in the accordant human race. To the man of real religion the assumptions of self-righteousness are horrible. He conceives of God as im-

manent in mankind, condescending to its extremest needs; lifting in mankind, and hence lifting him personally, not as one selected out by an especial favoritism, but lifting him, in the accordance of the universal law and purpose, by just so much as he is divested of all self-striving; abolishing that private strife that he may become a factor and function in the general and social uplift of man.

No man was ever saved by means of a private and exclusive striving to save himself: no man was ever lost who merged his being, with all its interests and efforts, in the organisation of the Public Safety. There is and can be no religion in individualism pure and simple: the private monad can hold no religion: absolute religion is absolute socialism. As religions grow into reality and fruitfulness, they become more social: as they deaden and become sterile they grow egoistic, and egotistic, and time-serving, and persecuting, and mendacious, and fraudulent, and parasitical, and infernal.

It is not the priest and levite who embody and show forth Religion, though each is in full succession from Mosaic orthodoxy, and though each "thanks God that he is not as other men;"—it is the "Good Samaritan," who thanks God that he is as other men; that, sinner as he is, he can yet feel in the common sympathy, and assist in the common helpfulness, and so serve to bind up the wounds of the fallen kinsman, whom priest and levite have left to perish in the wilderness.

Never before so much of the Gift Spirit, yet never such aggrandised and insistent greed! the more the man who has found his humanhood differentiates and enlarges, so much the more the fervid social passion takes grandeur and opulence in his heart. Yet the more the individual has fired

and fixed his appetences in the constitution of naturehood, the more the harsh, constrictive determinations of the private self clutch his faculties into inhumanity, ravage and destroy the generous sensibilities and set the mark of the beast upon his brow.

Now the charm that modern life has for strong characters of this inhuman type, consists in the fact that the planet has been thrown open, that wherever spoil is to be found they are free to venture; and that the men of push and daring were never so armed and equipped for the spoilage as is now. Depend upon it, our Cæsars are not to be disarmed by any Senate or impeded by any Rubicon. How great has Bismarck grown by his mastery of the opportune, yet how contemptible! an empire of *savants*, philosophers, scientists, men of charming culture and illustrious art, held by him of less account than household lackeys, and scribes of his reptile press. And we too have our petty Bismarcks, great in all but in that which remains to him of a faded, tarnished luster. Nay, Plutocracy, in its thousand millionaires, knit to one ever-hardening, ever-solidifying, ever-concentrating Gold-Colossus, master-piece upon the board of Evil Destiny, holds more than Bismarckian dare and dash; more command of press and legislature; more absolute knowledge of what to do, and how and wherefore and to what end the doing must serve, than he. The modern opportune leads strong men of greed to unknown bulk and height of evil greatness: then the *zeit geist* enforces their consolidation, and mankind is their spoil: it is broken at their feet.

Yet if there is on earth a new race of giants, their path is disputed by "offspring of the gods." Men heard the call, "be oriented!" and lifted brow and bosom to the morn's intelligence. Again the call, "be orb'd!" so they round

to englobed, irradiated spheres of living reason. Now at last the summons, "be constellated!" orb after orb they swing to find their place and function in the ascending social solidarity. Are the human heavens silent still? Socialism shall yet lead mankind into her march of harmony by the music of the spheres.

But as men thus orb and constellate they brighten: the mind becomes more mental; the senses more sensitive; the passions more passionate; the endurances more enduring and persistent. The attractions attract and the repulsions repulse, by chords that rise in the rhythm of evolution.

If our pseudo "civilisation was nothing if not artificial," yet its nothingness becomes apparent as it is found to be artificial: its doom is written, in that it is not humanly but artificial. The firmest of artificial alliances are proving unable to withstand the evolutionary currents that wheel the quickening and orbing lives into the association of their fitnesses by the attraction of concurrent sympathies.

The great, free Social Manhood is yet to come. The latent potency of our humanhood is evidenced in the fact that the intuitive sympathies of the race are in accord with real greatness. Social Nationalism, notwithstanding its material promise, is distrusted, because of the apprehension that its establishment may lead to the creation of a race of complacent and fatted mediocrities: it is always the level that is wearisome and monotonous.

The race cannot survive, lighten or enjoy in the default of its brilliant characters: however clear the lamp-light still the heart hungers for the stars. Yet man by his humanhood is a being of infinite variety: the characteristic of real genius is that it is instinctively socialistic. All the dramatists are in Shakspeare: all the humanists are in Christ: it is the social passion that liberates the special genius in

each demonstrative and creative man. Those mighty Brethren of the Past, who wrought forth the idea of their life into splendor and fruitfulness because the social passion was energetic within them,—they stand before us, they beckon on, as if to say, “The social passion of the race made its tabernacle within us: this was the foundation and this the greatness of our labors. Ripening through growths of latter ages, the social passion waits to tabernacle and achieve in you.”

Yet Humanity is only for the human; its socialism only for the social. Our Nation is dominated and overcrowded by its dwarfs: the misfortune is, that the dwarfed heart, mind, sensation, imagination, faith and trust are made the measure beyond which, whoever transcends is made a mark for distrust, denial; almost an outcast among men.

Still, if the age greatens and men do not greaten with it, this is because they egoise against the greatness. If the age deepens and men do not deepen with it, it is because they shallow themselves that they may hide away in their pettinesses from the tides of the on-coming deep. So, if men egoise whilst the age seeks to socialise, it is because the private self shrinks from the heroic pursuits, the disciplines, the darings that make for the vast human good. The more vital part of the human faculties are in perpetual eclipse. Egoism holds but at most the lunar light: the richer worths of the solar ray are lost to us because it is only by means of the social passion that the bosom attracts and absorbs the human aura of the sun.

The great men of the Egoists are but brazen and pillared mediocrities. Egoism severs the tap-root of the human tree. Observe any coterie of Club-men or Turf-men, or Bank or Railway magnates, or Cabinet Ministers; on the whole they are miserable. Their enjoyments are coarse and feverish:

they inhabit an atmosphere of suspicions. They journey at a swinging gait, but this is because they ride the crocodile: they see their ruined rivals trodden beneath the feet of the beast, and they know that the rivals rode once where they ride now: they know too that a twist of the reins, a slip of the foot, a careless motion may hurl them down to be as the rivals are.

Paradise is in the air: the atmosphere of our social hope is impregnated by diffused elysium. This utterance proceeds in that promise; but there is also an air of terror. The toiling masses of the People can be led through miseries, disappointments, ruinous calamities: on, to a certain point, they may be driven by their task-masters like cattle toward the shambles. Starvation of the body, starvation of mind, heart and hope; starvation that with spectral shadowing extinguishes the fire of the hearth and slays the comfort of the bed; that smites the babe upon its mother's bosom and shrouds at last that mother for the grave;—this in its long approaches is endured, but in the last extreme it loosens the passion of revenge, the desperation of ruin that is latent in the naturalness of man: it leads forth a storm of mania that is the opposite of the evolutionary whirl.

When the cry is heard, "Bread or blood!" the Plutocratic Rulers may well tremble. This is not so far off, by the law of the alternative, but that quickening senses may now feel it tingling toward them. If all the promise of the past is latent in our Nation for the evolution of its social humanhood, the savagisms, the barbarisms of all that past lie latent in its animalised cupidities. Coiled like gigantic serpents, they wait, if roused and unfettered, to whirl forth upon the land in all the power and deadliness of wrath that is im-

plied in such enormous heredities. Then reason is nowhere: the instinct of self-preservation is lost, is swallowed up in the final instinct of destruction. The wise of old have written: "It is dangerous to trifle with the avenging fates."

Now there is here a body of toilers, men and women, numbered by millions, to whom every outrage offered to the fellow is felt as a personal indignity, a dart that quivers and rankles in their own flesh. In this common multitude, made one by the sympathy and sensitiveness of the common outrage, this latent mania exists in full force, but is held hitherto in the consensus of repression. It struggles and is forced down: it heaves again and again, made by each new indignity less patient, more determined, more terrible; loosening by little and little the accustomed restraints that held it in subjection.

"Bread or blood!"—at any hour when the cry lifts wide and persistent the mania may emerge. There is not here to meet it, as in Europe, the obedient force of millions of soldiery. Our government does not rest on force: it is based on popular consent. These thousands of millions of dollars of the People's earned wealth, these hundreds of thousands of square miles of the People's heritage are appropriated by the capitalistic few, whose title holds only by pen and ink that has no binding force, excepting for so far and so long as the People is acquiescent.

Let a whirl of mania forestall the final outlet of the whirl of evolution, and the insurrectionary explosion may flash across the continent, from sea-board to sea-board, between the rise and set of sun. Then the rule of the prudent wise of the multitude is lost in the reign of the Terror. Mania, the infernal goddess, whose hand brandishes the torch, may show by it the road to the guillotine. For the last

quarter of a century we have filled up the land with the discontented myriads of the old world: they came expecting freedom, but have found new servitudes: they came led on by hope: they sit down brooding and sullen with despair: the skies do not brighten to them, they darken and darken on.

Social Nationalism and the kindred preparatory movements, by instilling hope and patience into the oppressed masses, hold in suppression the explosive forces: but these forces are approaching terribly near the surface: the limits of the safety-line are very nearly overpassed.

Men have a curious habit of shutting the mental eyes to what they dislike or are afraid to see. Another habit, when successful, is that of thinking, in their phrase, that "old Mr. Luck will always be good to them." This habit holds possession of the average American mind. "No nation was ever so successful as ours; therefore it must always be successful." They forget: this nation has been in rapid motion: a thousand years of result have been whirled into one century. Living so fast, it has lived almost to its end: its to-morrow is with Death. It may rise again, a New and Glorious Republic, socialised humanely to the resurrection of the just; but, as to its present form, movement, custom and environment, it must first die.

It was the saying of Mencius, the ancient Chinese sage, that "the object of knowledge is the discovery of the lost mind." Now man has found his superficial mind, that of the ego, his private self; and in it has found sublime thoughts, vast germs of theogonies, philosophies, poesies, humanities, that lie heaped, stranded on its margin like treasures from some rich-freighted foreign Argosy that has foundered in the seas.

The shores of man's vast naturality are heaped with the vestiges, and they constitute the wealth and worth of his intellectual possessions. But he uses or misuses them as might the barbarian: this drifted statue serves for a god in the shrine of his fetishistic worship; those relics of supreme culture for the adornments of his tinsel literature.

Whence came all these? They have washed up from the Lost Mind, from the buried social reason, the suppressed, submerged intelligence of the social passion. All religions of amenity, all charms and graces and virtues in society, all that is truly sweet and dignified in human relations, all that is logical and immortal in the human hope were born in the social passion of the common breast; flung forth to revelation through quickening faculties of the social mind, and led to stature and persistence through the toiling, battling energy of the incipient social purpose.

Now man, born into naturehood, is not as to his realness of natural origin. The acorn does not need that it should be planted in a grove of oaks to put forth the oak's quality and reveal its peculiarity. The wolf cub or the ape babe does not need that he should be nursed and bonded in the wolfery or apery to evolve the instinct and cunning and fashion of his wolfishness or apishness: these are forms of nature, egoistic fantasies and formulas that are capable of evolution to full structure of their own species in their solitary individualism. Contrariwise the human babe, for the evolution of its humane quality, is dependent on its social environment. The proof of this is found in the fact that if the boy infant is stolen by wolves and introduced into the cave where the dam suckles her cubs, he will feed at her teats; he will grow up with the young wolves as brothers and sisters; he will travel on all-fours; his language will be mere whine, bark and growl; he will dive

for the fish like an otter and eat them raw ; he will pursue the round of ferocious animal pleasures, ignorant entirely that he is not wolf, but man.

Man, born with the germ of humanhood folded in and throughout the structure of his naturehood, can only commence to evolve and display the human quality as the social touch of the human species makes a connection, by means of which that which is inmost and truly real within him may commence to elaborate and grow forth to surfaces. Humanly he is a germ that cannot grow excepting as it finds a substance and form of humanhood that shall serve as environment. By whatever there is of humanhood in the family, the babe is taught to walk rationally upright. But the humanhood in the family is still a struggling, not a triumphant force ; the really human family has yet to come ; its naturehood transubstantiated to the flesh and blood of the humane divinity.

The child grown to youth, if of such human potency that he can hold the upright attitude, is famished for social food. According to his genius he searches for that food through religion, books, arts, the drama, poesies, heroisms, philosophies, sciences. In these he shapes environment ; in these he creates for himself the vaster family.

He earns his bread by sweat of brow ; toils perchance all the daylight under the wage-master.—Night comes and his poor room opens : he is companioned there by each illustrious character whose fires have touched to him by the hand of art, or by the magic of the written page. He becomes, as they say, “a self-made man.”—Not self-made ! The form in which that virginal intelligence uplifts to enrich mankind by new discovery, is the form that the environment of the saints and sages and artist-heroes, his familiars, fashioned and ingenerated in his flesh. Grows

he at length to be, in the old phrase, "inspired of God?" Yea, truly. The Supreme Power in evolution instars a splendor upon his brow, by so much as he took in this vast environment and made it invironment; wrought of its woven folds, as we may say, a second nature. So drew in the bosom to grasp the rhythms of the nobler inspirations; so transposed the action of the brain that he might think and reason from cause to effect, and thus from infinite to finite. For evolution, that it may evolve to round upon the globe, to fashion and transform its institutes, is dependent upon the environment in which its instruments are clad and armored for the fulfilments of its purpose.

To call forth the lost mind is to find man again. What offense could be so unforgivable as the offense of instilling at one stroke into all the milk that mingles with the morning food of every child on the continent, a slow, rotting poison; corrupting the growing, incipient humanhood in each, and devolving the seeds of the instincts of animal ferocities.

This is what our civilised individualism does: its environments are so fashioned, so surcharged with the greeds and despotisms of all self-vice, that they flow as a constant element of seeming nutrition into the soft, hungry, receptive, indiscriminative sensitives of this vast childish body of incipient, dependent mankind. "Wait:" cry our amiable, intelligent conservatives; "when the race becomes angelic, they will accept the environments which you propose." Can they not see? The few heroic constitutions overcome in part the daily poisons on which conservatives insist that all infants shall be fed: meanwhile the poisons make an ever-growing flood, bearing generation after generation down through defilements to the last corruption.

If it be a sin which grows to infamy, that man persists in the degradation of his own human, how many million-fold a sin

is it, that he should persist in strengthening, enlarging and making permanent the inhuman environments that by concurrent action dehumanise, age by age, the masses of the peoples of the globe. Write this so deep, so high, so broad that, wherever man turneth, the fire of the letters shall burn in upon his brow; "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my little ones ye did it not unto Me." Accept this as the logic of the statement: they who persist for the durability of environments that corrupt and ruin the humanhood in man, are themselves guilty of his blood. "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Thou art; and as thou keepest him so shall God keep thee.

Yet here we are confronted with another class of facts, another series of laws; the facts of the false heredity, the laws of the action of the unreason. The suppression of the ingermated racial consciousness, and the substitution therefor of a superficial egoistic consciousness, results in the enthronement, as the temporary arbiter of destiny, of the fictitious human being; the enormous, proud, cultured, non-social, anti-social and aggrandised ape. It is the ape, universally simulative, deceptive, a diabolised product of naturehood, evolved through incipient manhood degraded into baseness, that Bismarckises, that Bonaparteises, that Goullises, that McAllisterises, that Leopoldises;—a fungus ape-growth in rotted manhood, which asserts the human in utter suppression of the humanly; that clothes itself in all the stolen robes, woven in the looms of social reason by its social power, to flaunt its hideous deformity in the face of heaven; its food our human flesh, its drink our human blood, its action our human waste and ruin.

It is the scientific, governmental, diplomatic, financial.

mechanical man-ape, that by an inverted collectivity of egoism is organised into the gigantic, opulent, overbearing fraud, which holds this attitude, and is massed in this huge thing that fronts us in America by its aspect of Plutocracy. It is this that the Nation, in the intelligent lawfulness of its social manhood, must grasp by the throat and cast down and extirpate once for all.

The Man-People is ridden tyrannically by the grinning, hairy Deformity, the old man of the mountain that crept on Sindbad in his sleep, and wound his hideous extremities around the neck and made his seat upon the shoulders of the wayfarer; whose limbs strangle, whose huge fist pounds upon the brain and bosom, who makes of the man his beast of burden and the wage-slave of his cupidities. This sums up the situation. "Let us have peace," said Ulysses Grant, after that last surrender at Appomatox. Let us have peace, as Sindbad found liberty. He only found it when the foe was extinguished beneath his feet.

VIII.

Life is so bitter-sweet; so chained in poverties, yet so filled and burdened by suppressed wealth of infinite riches! Life is so brief, by measure of the flying years; so long when one weaves into it, by fire of passion, and fulness of cultures, and logic of right reason, and persistence of true endeavor the spiral round of the eternities!

These gray hairs tell almost of the threescore years and ten, yet it seems as but yesterday that the child's lips kissed to the mother's bosom. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and all the ways tread on to dusty death?" Nay, there is no death: our to-morrow is in God!

Resuming, in this discourse, a Public Ministry that has

been suspended for the last thirty years, words may be pardoned that should not otherwise be spoken; a reminiscence be indulged in, that but for the end in view might savor of vain-glorying. Avoiding hitherto the personal, let me be forgiven if I employ it now.

In 1848 I was minister of the Independent Christian Congregation in New York. There was a growing and alarming body of Juvenile Destitution and Crime in that city. During one pleasant summer week, for some unknown reason I was unable to think out my usual discourse. A strange brooding quietude and stillness possessed the mental faculties. Saturday evening came, leading with it a calm that became intense; that made in the senses a suppressed thrill.

Retiring to the solitude of my study, it seemed that a voice, which was rather intelligence than voice, filled the air and played by a rhythm into the brain, generating words; "We wish you to write for us to-night." The same voice, by an identical process seems with me now.

I sat down at my desk, and the words of the Christ came for a text; "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." From this I went on to write, as rapidly as words or symbols of words could be traced on the paper; yet with most absolute self-possession, and concentration of mental passion. No pause, no intromission of a foreign thought till the whole was written: no cerebral excitement, but the continued breathing rhythm, diffused in solemn yet joyful calm.

I read that discourse on Sunday morning to my great congregation: read it in that same mystery of vibrating intelligence, quivering with love, calm as the stillness of a perfect night in mid-summer; while from eye to eye it seemed as if the hushed, melted audience diffused an atmos-

phere that held the dew of tears.

As the people rose unwilling to depart, Mr. Horace Greeley, one of the office-bearers of the Parish, stood up in his place and requested the congregation to remain. A public meeting was organised, and the "New York Juvenile Asylum" was born from the deliberations. A committee of the Parish was placed in charge of the initiatory work. 30,000 copies of the sermon were distributed in pamphlet form as rapidly as possible. The discourse, in parts or in entirety, was copied in leading dailies. And, heretical as the author was considered, the sermon was preached verbatim on the following Sunday from leading orthodox pulpits; good Dr. Muhlenburg, rector of the episcopal church of the Holy Communion, prefacing by saying that it was borne on his heart to address his people on the subject, but that this discourse said what he wanted to say in better words than any of his own. A charter was procured at the incoming session of the Legislature: the gifts of the citizens of New York were supplemented by a large public appropriation: lands were purchased and an edifice at once commenced; the good work so far accomplished.

The course of public life led me away from New York at no distant period. The incident was almost buried from memory till some years afterward, a solitary wayfarer, in the dusk twilight, weighted with huge griefs and burdens of the People's care, I passed a great edifice, enclosed in ample pleasure grounds, on an eminence in the suburbs of the city. I heard from it the chorus of many voices of children singing their evening hymn. I asked a passer by, "What building is that?" He answered, "the New York Juvenile Asylum."—Verily, "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Now I have referred to the incident, that the application may be to the present time. This great Columbia is an ampler New York. Every man in it, every woman in it, is by the inmost human a little child. Ah! and how really destitute is this child, this child People, pining for that divine humanhood which can never be reached by any one, till it shall be realised in the common society and enrichment of all.

This Common Body of our Commonwealth is lacerated: it bleeds at every pore: this common breast is ripped open: these common senses and members are polluted, in the defilement of the land's daughters, and in the debasement and profligacy of its sons.

The Rich know—and I appeal to them—that, gaining wealth, they are still pauperised, defrauded from the vital satisfactions, in the absence of which gain is but waste and gold but misery.

The Poor—to them I appeal—they know, for they see and feel, that mankind and womankind are rotting down around them; that there are worse griefs than those that come from insecure employment and incomplete reward.

See! man and wife look on these prattlers about the table, these babies in the crib or on the breast. They dare not forecast: they shrink utterly appalled from the thought,—I cannot say it all: your sympathetic hearts will fill the lesion,—the thought of the ominous, broken-hearted future.

Lo! and this night—every night of the year—Hell opens, organised, exacting, palpable, with its bloody sweat dripping to the flagstones; and with its ribald blasphemy an offense to every passer by. Hell opens; never closes; the ever-growing and devouring, the ever-remorseless, the ever-insatiable.

A gentleman whom I knew in New York said to me, in effect, "You may think that these lost girls come mainly

from the toiling classes. In the parlor of Madame — I made the acquaintance of so and so; a graduate of Vassar College. On thus greeting her, she filled my astonishment by telling me of seventeen girls from Vassar whom she knew, who were in the city, and receiving gentlemen as she was doing."

One such as these, yet unstained, is worth more in Heaven's eyes and to God's heart than all this wealth of Stanford. One such, in the utter loss, is more loss, on the scale of human magnitudes and values, than if California with all her riches went down to be buried in the sea.

Now I plead, I plead for the soul-flesh and body-flesh, the soul-blood and body-blood of Living Columbia. I gather up all this wealth of sonship that is blasting; all this riches of daughterhood that is withering, and show them to you. I gather up all this mass of sordid, defiled, corrupted, ruined manhood and womanhood, that around our feet becomes wormy and serpentine; that soaks the air with vice, and loads it with corruption.

I gather up in one, this great, glorious husbandhood and fatherhood, this sacred wifehood and motherhood of America; benignant, mighty, awful in force of character, beautiful in fore-gleam of the immortalities. Then I say, Let us have mercy on our own most vital qualities; our own most assertive virtues. Let us have respect to the fountains of our enjoyments and the high sources of their beatitudes. Let us find anew the springs of our origin and enter by full movement into the flowings of our destiny. Let us cast out from our temple the "money changers and those who sell doves." Let us dare to penetrate to the vital fact of Life, that is buried within this surface show of custom, habit, partisanship and rivalry. Let us once for all take in this truth of truths, that for every sister that is ruined a

vital part of us is rotted; that for every man who goes to wreck a vital part of us is deranged and withered.

Again I say, "Little children!"—Now then let the Father speak in Christ, from the old gracious words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

If Columbia can but open heart, mind and purpose to this Brother Christ, this divine incarnation of fraternity in the heart and flesh of man;—if she can but compass the principle that works to the social righteousness by the instant and immanent laws of our common human evolution, the miseries of the People shall roll from them as the stone from the sepulcher, and their manhood and womanhood shall rise, filled with God, as if in all such goodly vastness this Christ were risen.

Finally, if this speech is with an assurance of certainty, it is not as from the religious or social enthusiast: these are the matured convictions of the long-trained specialist in public affairs. It is not the one side of Truth that helps, especially in crisis and emergency: it is Truth in full circle, rounded to the touch of every salient point and pressure of the occasion. The study of this one life has been to become a full-centered, all-round man.

Each vital problem of man has its outer form and environment of social-industrial bone, flesh, nerve and skin: each political, industrial, social problem has its vital content and invironment of human thought, passion and passionate force. Each class, each specialty of human character and condition, is played through by the vital currents that make for the higher, the humanising and final evolution. It is by the concurrence of all these vital currents, rising

by the rhythms of their sympathies through the luminous and socialised man, that evolution pushes on to avouch and demonstrate for the last conclusions.

Whoever would know mankind thoroughly, as he now is and is environed, must mentally, feelingly and practically enter into and abide in the fellowship of his universal service. This, by the continuous duties of a half-century of humane toil, I have sought to do; till, standing in the doorway that opens from the completed round, I find and meet mankind, full breast. And man is still precious; more precious, in that I have found the touch of the divinity that survives within him, in spite of all the chronic malady and defilement.

From this acme of result one thing at least is logically evident: it is this, that given the men, evolutionised into the spirit and passion of the service; given a quickening of the masses; given the hour of the opportune, it is no more a matter of difficulty to organise the New Republic, throned in the structures of fitting environment, crowned with the splendid lights of a supreme human intelligence, than it was for the Argonauts of '48 to open the treasures of the placers, and for their successors to establish this present Statehood.

But evolution now is reaching to the result for which all the advance of former struggle was but preparative. The complex structure that we know as Civilisation has reached the utmost verge to which it can travel on the lines and levels, and by means of the activities of the private self, and its mutually repellant and adverse individualisms. The People touches to the last stone of the road, whence there is no further path of advance on the present lines of human travel. Beyond this is but ascent, or downfall into ruin. The Hour is pregnant: the evolutionary forces are

involving stores of energies; making of the deeper, the more interior vessels of the human system treasuries, magazines, laboratories for the fiery and fluid powers.

Surely there is a way, could it be found, by which these laws and forms of humane social relations might be so presented, that this whole body of the common vital People might hear them gladly and accept them cordially, as was once of old: then might it be said, "the fields are white already for the harvest;" then might be fulfilled that ancient social prophecy of "a nation born in a day."

The People's breast is pregnant with all manner of good and fruitful seeds. These obsolete customs, jealousies, dissensions, superstitions; these swinish and wolfish environments bite and freeze upon that vast bosom. All are afraid to suffer the social worths that are in them to cleave the bulb, and put forth the tender springing leaf.

Servitors are called for by the Hour, so inspired and redolent of this human heat and radiancy that, entering among the People, they shall meet and overcome these bitter storms and colds of winter wherein the better life is buried and the days are slain.

A multitude of clear thinkers, who are yet cold thinkers, are ready to admit and to hope for the grand national-industrial result, but this only as a consequence of very slow and partial change. They see the New Boston of "Looking Backward" lifting possibly by the close of another thousand years.

The Nation is socially barbaric: be this granted. Buried in naturality; unable to conceive of its own latent humanhood: be this also granted. Yet was not Ireland a congeries of raging savage hordes? Then did not the youth

Patrick, solitary, unfriended, unarmed, venture into the very heart of it? Did not an humane civilisation quicken by his touch? Did not that rugged mass of harsh and cruel barbarism melt from granite to warm soil, open for sowings of the generous and kindly harvest? Did not Augustine penetrate the gloomy recesses of Albion and, as by the waving of extended arms, cleave and clear the wilderness for the rising cultures of a quickening mankind?

Has the race so hardened and chilled since then that History cannot repeat itself to that higher result of evolution which these old transformations shaped for and prefigured? It is always safe to trust the latencies of evolution, when their ascending pressures are felt moving through the great Common Heart. It is always safe to make the final and supreme appeal, not to the instincts of the feeding animal, but to the reasoning enthusiasm of the yearning man, in whom the Power dwells that would lift him up to stand, according to the potency and promise of his origin, revealing the insociate likeness of Almighty God.—“According to thy faith so shall it be to thee.”

Let Boston but find her Patrick, her Augustine, and a sublimer vision than that of Bellamy will greet her; even as if the hanging curtains of the mirage vanished, to reveal on solid soil the paradisaal familisteries and temples of an actualised Apocalypse. The environment follows the man. The energy of transforming Character moves on, in the logic of the event, to shape its out-birth in transformed environments of institutions.

For this waits New York, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco,—each great mart and center of thought and toil. By this the shadowed Ethiopa of our dark belt shall “stretch forth her hands to God,” and so embrace the Social Deity. Prophecy to these dry bones of Nationality; and the dry

bones shall live, and stand up as in Ezekiel's vision ; an exceeding great and mighty host. It is not now "educate" alone: it is inspire and educate: bear the uplift on through the propaganda of social education. Repeat in social worth of work the miracle of Wesley's impoverished but irresistible itinerancy. Hearts must be converted and opened to the social passion, as once they were initiated to the individual promise of the life eternal.

No more needs here be said. "They who are wise" in this emergency "shall shine as the sun," and they who lead this bewildered, constrained and perishing many into the enduring organic form of the People's social righteousness "as the stars forever and ever." The evidence and fulfilment of the promise is open to every one who rises to welcome, and persists to entertain and serve the Genius of the Hour.

Open thy vast womaned heart, thou MOTHER COLUMBIA! Reach forth immaculate arms, wide to the farthest, and low to the poorest of thy babes. Speak thou, in tones as when the MASTER spake, and the grave opened, and the dead heard and arose and lived again. Call thou, that thine own who love thee may inspire life, purpose and courage by the spirit of the message: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."



APPENDED NOTE.

There are, as I think, two strong tendencies, each seeking for expression through the industrial agitation of our time. There is first, on the outside, a tendency to the formation of a system of action in lines of material advance, pure and simple. Unless I am mistaken—which I truly hope that I may be—there seems to be an impulse in certain quarters to push the movement upon the lines of the economic; to bring about legislation that proffers a sure and abundant recompense for material labors, by means of the appeal to educated and enlightened selfishness. We in America have been so inbred to the commercial spirit, so accustomed to make of each humane service a matter of mere dicker, to rely upon considerations addressed to the interests of the private self as weapons for the advance of change and the amelioration of institutions, that there is a persistent reluctance to the complication of affairs by any introduction of the pure ethic.

There are inevitably, as Mr. Gronlund puts it, "two temperaments among us, those of an individualistic and those of a socialistic temperament." In other words, there are men, and able men, who endeavor to think out the problem, and enforce the methods of the occasion from the ground of the finite, private ego. Now, the educated private ego sees full well the material side of all this splendid opportune: to its vision all the kingdoms of this world and all the powers of them, the wealth, the art, the pleasure are easily within the grasp of the huge, organised multitude, which by the conflux of ego to ego shall be able to uplift and throne that common private self in its resplendent but superficial paradise.

The present capitalistic system is bleeding to death; it is committing suicide. There is but one remaining alternative at the service of the concentrated Plutocracy: that is, boldly and decisively, to adopt the form of National Collectivism as the clothing for its own spirit. The associated interests that command Congress, legislatures, courts, parties; the nation's wealth, implements and soil; its army, navy and police; if



they but in this emergency are wise to the full wisdom of their selfishness, have it possibly in their power to suppress the humanly in man, by the shaping of compromised adjustments that shall satisfy the measure of his civilized animality. The Gold Colossus, master-piece upon the board of Evil Destiny, may be able yet so to array bishops and castles and knights and pawns, as to combine in its allegiance the present opposing forces; unless perchance the Power behind evolution wills that it shall be otherwise.

Some are already saying, "narrow the question down to the material." The issue that awaits, is between these two policies, the ethical and the material. Mr. Gronlund says again, "I am more and more convinced that Karl Marx's doctrine, that the bread and butter question is the motive force of progress, is not tenable; but that we must grasp the very highest moral and religious truths." Is there or is there not an infinite human truth, which is to the vast public movement of the time, as the soul of the man is to the body of the man? If so, are we to ignore that infinite human truth? The Master of Nazareth, were he here now, would hardly be able to find a place, certainly not a full expression of his thought, in any periodical which would object to the consideration of the problem of the humanly, in its devotion to the economic.

I have sought in these pages, in some tentative and I fear very imperfect way, to set forth this fact of the humanly: to show that this vast social movement that seeks to become organic environment should nucleate, not around a common greed, but around a common God. I speak but as a pupil and under great embarrassments; yet I speak because the burden is upon me.

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